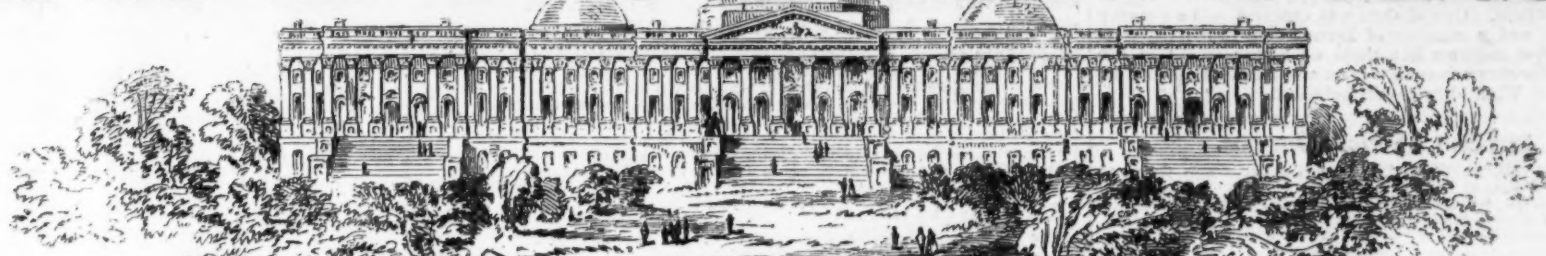


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWS PAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

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INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE.

THE romance of war is a startling contrast to its reality. The two things scarcely resemble each other; nevertheless, the latter doubtless has its charms, otherwise one campaign would cure every soldier of his dream of glory. In our present number we have several illustrations of the *contretemps* of war. On page 277 we give one where the horses, having given up in a storm, that superior animal, man, showed how far two legs were superior to double that number, and dragged the baggage wagon on its way. On the same page we have another instance of what a feather-bed soldier has to expect in a real campaign, for our Artist has sketched the bivouac accommodations of the field officers of General Banks's division on their march from Hyattstown, when, overcome with toil, they laid down in the rain on some straw, and slept through the darkness and storm of an August night. Sometimes our gallant fellows have to put their shoulder to the wheel, and push the baggage train up the hill, as our Artist has drawn on this page. This lets us a little into the rough life of a soldier, and which nothing except an undying love of country could carry him through. On page 284, however, we have a pleasanter incident to celebrate, and that is where the natural ingenuity of the race comes out, and an impromptu oven testifies to our national cleverness, and ministers to the wants of the brave defenders of our flag. The regiment undoubtedly contains men whose means gave them every epicurean indulgence, but we question if any French bread, fresh butter, with all the appliances of Delmonico, ever tasted so sweet as the newly-baked bread



THE MEN OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT DRAGGING THEIR BAGGAGE TRAIN DURING A STORM, NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.



BIVOUAC OF THE FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS OF THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, DURING A STORMY NIGHT, ON THEIR MARCH FROM HYATTSTOWN, MD. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

they got from the primitive oven pictured in our pages. Of a different description is our last illustration of campaign life, the searching of the farmers' wagons before they are suffered to pass over the Long Bridge into Washington. This measure was highly necessary, for so cunning were the rebels that every means were adopted to give aid and information to the enemy. When we hear that women carried revolvers, gunpowder and percussion caps under their hoops, we can only regret that those instruments did not indicate the dignity of their calling, and "go off" indignantly at their degraded position. Only last week a wagon-maker in Baltimore was arrested charged with making wagons with false bottoms. One of them was captured, and a quantity of revolvers and a number of letters were discovered concealed. A few incidents like those we have pictured in our present number throw more light upon a soldier's life than all the biographies of Winfield Scott ever published.

Barnum's American Museum.

A LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, the most wonderful animal ever exhibited in America, has just been added to the Museum, where he may be seen with all the other Novelties and Curiosities, and superb Dramatic Performances, every day at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

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Edited by Hon. E. G. SQUIER, late U.S. Minister in Central America.

No. 7 of this magnificent work is now issued, containing a Record of Events, Incidents of the War, Official Documents, &c., up to the 30th of July. It contains THIRTY ENGRAVINGS of the actualities of the War, and an amount of reading matter equal to an ordinary duodecimo volume of 350 pages. Among other valuable matter, this number contains the

Official Map of the Battle of Bull Run, with complete accounts of the same, and the OFFICIAL REPORTS of the Battle.

N.B.—The Public and the Trade are informed that the back Numbers have been reprinted, and full sets can now be supplied. Larger Editions are now printed, so that all orders can be promptly supplied in future.

The Maps and Engravings, many of them of mammoth size, in the seven numbers already published, number

OVER TWO HUNDRED!

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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Southern Barbarism—Employment of Savages in War. HUMANITY blushes at the enormities practised by the rebels in their conduct of the war which they have initiated against the nation. War, in its mildest form, is full of horrors; but the South seems inspired with a devilish ingenuity in enhancing its enormities. Firing into railway trains supposed to be carrying troops has been a favorite pastime with the skulking traitors of Missouri. A few days ago an ineffectual attempt was made to blow up a passing train, with all its freight of women and children, near Rolla (Mo.), and now we have the details of a still more diabolical outrage, which must cause a shudder of horror throughout Christendom—namely, the destruction, on the 3d inst., of a railroad bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, over Platt river, nine miles east of St. Joseph (Mo.), by which a whole passenger train, containing nearly one hundred inoffensive people—men, women and children—was precipitated into the river, and seventeen killed and others horribly mangled. It appears that the timber supports of the bridge had been nearly burned through, and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered the bridge at night the whole track gave way, resulting in the fearful consequences above stated. It was subsequently discovered that some other bridges on the route to St. Joseph were similarly disabled, and the track obstructed with logs, in order to prevent assistance being conveyed from the town to the wounded victims of this cowardly outrage.

In perfect keeping with these practices, so repulsive to every sentiment of humanity, is the attempt to employ the savages of the Western frontier, in arms against the Union and its adherents. Every schoolboy remembers the indignant protest of Lord Chatham, in the British Parliament, against the proposition to employ the Indians in the war of the Revolution against the Colonists. "Who," he asked, "is the man that has dared to authorize and associate with our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away they will be a stain on the national character."

Yet the expedient which Chatham so rebuked nearly a century ago has been openly resorted to by the rebels, in their insane and demonic animosity against the supporters of the Constitution and the laws. The Memphis *Advertiser*, of the 20th of August, affirms that Albert G. Pike, as Commissioner from the rebel Gov-

ernment, has formed alliances with some of the more noted of the frontier tribes. "Even the wild Camanches," it adds, "heretofore untamable, are about to be brought under the protection and influence of the Confederate Government, and mustered into its service. It will be a grand sight to see a cavalry brigade of those wild and fierce horsemen of the desert, fighting the battles of the South! Our Indian army will strike terror into the craven hearts of our mercenary invaders!"

The Albert G. Pike here referred to, and who carried a commission from Jefferson Davis himself, has made a report to the rebel Government, in regard to the Creeks, in which he says:

"Notwithstanding a heavy outside influence, a treaty advantageous to both parties was made with the rulers of the Creek nation. Before entering upon the consideration of the treaty it was voted by a unanimous vote of the Council to go with the South, treaty or no treaty. The principal men have been true as steel to the South from the beginning of the negotiation, and the nation ratified their treaty by a unanimous vote in council, every town being represented. Their regiment will be ready in a few days, and probably a half dozen companies more."

The Helena (Arkansas) *Shield* of the 10th of August mentions that a large body of Indian warriors was at that date already in the field, destined for Missouri. It says:

"From the Hon. C. W. Adams, of this county, who arrived at home a few days since from the northern part of this State, we learn that on last Monday week thirteen hundred Indian warriors—Southern allies—crossed the Arkansas river, near Fort Smith, on the way for McCullough's camp. These Indians were armed with rifle, butcher knife and tomahawk, and had their faces painted one-half red and the other black. We also learn that a regiment of mounted Texans likewise crossed the Arkansas at or near Fort Smith for the same destination."

In the presence of such facts, who can wonder that Missouri journals, like the St. Louis *Republican*, significantly ask if this is the kind of "sympathy" by which it is proposed to woo that State into "the ambush of Secession?"

Finance, North and South.

JOHN BULL, who gauges everything by a money standard, has not yet fully recovered from the delusion that he holds the purse-strings of creation. He believes fully, and rightly enough, that money constitutes the principal sinew of war, as it certainly does the great motive power in all the arts and advancements of peace. Accustomed to mould the policy of Europe by loans and stipends, at a time when nobody was thrifty but himself, he fails to recognise the great fact that steam and its concomitants have built up other commercial and monetary communities besides London, and that Paris and New York are the centres of great financial systems nearly as grand and self-sustaining as his own. When France entered into the Crimean war, albeit as his ally, Bull did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction that she would become his financial if not his military dependency. But the Emperor, more astute in this than in any other measure of his policy, escaped the anticipated thralldom, by an appeal to his people in the form of a popular loan, wherein the smaller bidder had the precedence of the larger one. The result was a thorough independence of the English Bourse. Bull did not quite comprehend the monetary coup, but thought it, on the whole, "rather clever." He has not yet discovered where the money came from.

Indulging still his traditions of monetary sovereignty, J. B. has "laid the unction to his soul" that the United States could never assert its nationality and put down domestic insurrection, except by the aid of the cash which he alone could furnish, and he has put on airs accordingly. Thinking that the Government of the United States must, from necessity, come with hat in hand, bowing obsequiously to his money-changers for the appropriations voted so promptly and lavishly by Congress, he has commenced to knit his brows and button his pockets in advance. "It is utterly impossible," says the London *Economist*, "for the United States to obtain in Europe anything like the extravagant sums they are asking for. Europe won't lend them!" And even *Punch* parades the monster of Repudiation, the beast which Jeff. Davis invented, as a terror to Englishmen who may be inclined to change English three per cents into American sevens. The *Times* "takes up the wondrous tale," and does all it can to prejudice the British markets, in advance, against the Yankee loan.

Meantime our quiet Secretary of the Treasury, with a calm reliance on the financial strength and patriotic spirit of the country, profiting by the experiment of Louis Napoleon, submits the wants of the Government to the American people; and lo! from a thousand crannies and hidden depositories springs forth the golden flood, even as water flowed from the rock under the stroke of the Hebrew lawgiver's wand! With a confidence and trust in the American Nation and its permanence which no exaggerated Bull Run reverse can shake, and no foreign carping and sinister prophesying can weaken, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE voluntarily offer to their Government all the money it requires. The golden current of California no longer flows into European channels. Every steamer from Liverpool brings its thousands and tens of thousands of golden sovereigns to glut our banker's vaults and clog the machinery of our mints. The great fact stands declared and patent, America is financially independent of England and of Europe! New York is, to-day, the creditor city of the world. London may button its pockets, if she thinks it to her interest, or she may invest her hard earnings in bonds countersigned by Davis, the incarnation of Repudiation, compared with which the promises to pay of Venezuela, worth twopence a ream, are substantial representatives of value!

In reference to the great popularity of the loan, we copy a paragraph, for the special edification of J. B., from a daily city contemporary:

"The excitement in the popular subscription to the National Loan is on the increase, and the Sub-Treasurer and his assistants, to-day (Sept. 4th), found it physically impossible to execute the labor incident to the numerous subscriptions tendered through this forenoon. Mr. Cisco has, therefore, applied to the Executive Committee of the Associated Bank for some means of relief in counting and receipting for the specie tendered at his office in payment of these subscriptions. The amount paid in to-day is over EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, in every variety of subscriptions from \$50 to \$100,000 each. Not the least gratifying circumstance connected with this movement is the high degree of patriotic feeling manifested by the subscribers to the Loan. They make it not only a matter of interest but of duty, in coming up to the assistance of the Government, and this duty is performed with increased alacrity from the confidence inspired by recent events in the Administration and success of the Army and Navy of the country."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 5th, describes the applications for the loan in that city as "a rush," and adds that the list of

subscribers includes "members from all classes of society, mechanics, merchants and capitalists, and of all amounts from \$50 to \$5,000. Among the subscribers was one old Jack tar, who put down his hard earnings of \$150, for the double purpose of patriotically aiding his Government and of securely saving something for a rainy day."

From Boston and Cincinnati in fact from every large city, and for that matter from every small one, we have corresponding reports—all proving that the money and the confidence exists for supporting the Government amply and cheerfully in all the expenditures necessary for restoring peace and reintegrating the Union.

On the other hand, the rebel Government is already bankrupt and discredited. It has resorted to the issue of paltry, irredeemable "shinplasters," which, however small in denomination, are still smaller in value. A correspondent of the Charleston (S.C.) *Courier*, of a late date, naively confesses to the financial troubles of that captious city. He says:

"The Legislature legalized the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and specie has since become so scarce and dear that the wants of the public called for and legalized the issue of small bills (bills of the denomination of five to fifty cents by the Bank of the State), which, as a favor, are doled out to the public, and printed on such miserable paper that many of them have a ready become worthless. The writer sent a twenty-cent bill, which was 'tattered and torn,' to the bank to-day to be redeemed, and the answer was that they had no new bills. Is specie at such a premium that the banks cannot afford to pay twenty cents for its shinplasters?"

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* is hardly less lugubrious on the same subject. It moans as follows:

"Gold and silver are now selling in the Southern States at from 10 to 15 per cent. for current bank bills. A sound and uniform currency is as essential to the health and vigor of the Confederacy and the Government as healthy red blood is to the power and endurance of the body. This thing of a depreciated currency is just now more to be feared than all of Lincoln's legions. It is what ought not to be and cannot be submitted to by the Southern people. It is intolerable that the banks should be exempt by law from the obligation to redeem their currency in specie, and, at the same time, sell the very gold and silver with which it ought to be redeemed for 10 to 15 per cent. in exchange for their own bills. It is all the same whether they do this at their own counter directly, or indirectly through the agency of brokers. True to their soulless character and sordid instincts, the banks are ready for a few vile dollars to crush the Government and the people together."

New Orleans echoes the dismal cry through the columns of the *Delta*. Here are its notes of woe:

"Every bank, every town and village corporation, even the State itself, and private bankers, are deluging the State with wretched currency, in notes from five cents to one dollar. Gold and silver are eagerly bought at eight per cent. premium for these notes, and carefully hoarded away. Of course this currency never can and never will be redeemed, and when it begins to decline it will be bought up by those who have issued it at an enormous shave—all of which will fall upon the people and enure to the benefit of the corporation. And yet it was gravely proposed that our banks should agree to co-operate with banks which sanction and are engaged in this gigantic fraud, and receive and pay out shinplasters as they do their own notes."

North Carolina.

THE capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras is likely to prove of more consequence in its political than its military results. Late advices represent that thousands of the people of Eastern North Carolina are flocking to the captured fortress, and voluntarily subscribing to the oath of allegiance to the United States. White flags are displayed at every conspicuous point; the fort at Ocracoke Inlet, 40 miles to the south of Hatteras, has been abandoned; and every indication is to the effect that the Union sentiment is predominant and only required the dispersion of the rebels in arms to find expression. This, too, in the Eastern part of the State, where alone the Secession heresy has had strength; for the Western part of the State, like Western Virginia, and the whole region traversed by the Alleghenies, has never been otherwise than thoroughly loyal. It is said that, at the late Congressional election, Union candidates were chosen in every district, and that North Carolina will have a full representation in the next Congress. Colonel Foster, who ran openly in one of the Western districts and was elected, is already in Washington, and confirms the statement that a large majority of the people are sound Union men, who only require Government support to redeem the State from rebel rule.

It is well known that North Carolina was forced into Secession by the same fraudulent practices which succeeded in Virginia and Tennessee, but which failed in Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky. An attempt to call a State Convention, in the interest of Secession, was made on the 28th of February last, but was defeated by a majority of the popular vote. Taking advantage of the excitement created by the attack on Fort Sumter, and under the pressure of Virginia on one side and South Carolina on the other, by violence and fraud, another attempt was made to secure a Secession Convention early in May, which was successful, and on the 20th of that month, this body, in violation of the conviction of the Old North State, declared her out of the Union. But the heart of her people were never with the traitors at Montgomery and Richmond, and, as we have already said, she will leap back gladly to the bosom of her mother, whenever the military despotism that weighs her down shall be lifted by the Federal arm. This is abundantly proved by the experiment at Hatteras, which gives special significance to the language of the Raleigh *Register*, the organ of rebellion at the capital of the State. It says that "for the credit of the State" it forbears "to describe the effect produced in the House of Commons by the reading of the despatch announcing the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark." In other words, the hitherto suppressed Union sentiment openly manifested itself, when it became known that the Federal Government had the will and the power to strike down treason in its strongholds, and no longer intended to content itself with fulminating proclamations from the Capitol.

Sleeping on his Post.

Our latest advices from Washington convey the gratifying intelligence that Private William Scott, of Vermont, convicted by Court Martial of sleeping on his post, and sentenced to be shot, has had his sentence commuted by the President. We are glad to hear it, not because we disapprove of the strictest and severest military discipline while the army is in face of an enemy, but because we think big delinquents should be punished before little ones. There is no propriety in shooting Private Scott,

while General Patterson is left to go at large. He slept at his post at Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley, and allowed Johnston, whom he was deputed to watch, to escape to Manassas, and turn the tide of battle against the Union forces at Bull Run, whereby the cause of the Union was disgraced, and the Capitol of the Nation imperilled. Six hours after General Scott, in Washington, was informed of the departure of Johnston from Winchester, and when his force was half-way to Manassas, General Patterson telegraphed to headquarters for reinforcements, on the plea that "the enemy had been reinforced, and was moving on him with 42,200 men!"

If ever there was a case of flagrant, unpardonable, criminal "sleeping on his post," it was that of Patterson at Charlestown; and so long as he escapes the penalty imposed on the offence by military law, we expect to see no privates shot for simple drowsiness.

MR. NELSON, of East Tennessee, has at last gone over to the enemy. It is to be wished there had been more of the ancient Roman in him, but while we regret his defection we must not forget that circumstances have evidently prevented the Federal Government from extending to the loyal Tennesseans that aid and succor which they had for three months so earnestly demanded, and which has saved Western Virginia to the Union. In his address to the Tennesseans Mr. Nelson speaks with considerable bitterness of the apathy shown by the authorities in Washington:

"While I did not promise allegiance or active support to the Southern Confederacy, and will not advise you to assume any obligations contrary to your convictions of duty, I feel perfectly free to say that the failure of the Government of the United States for four long months to sustain us in our position, its apparent inability to do so, since the battle of Manassas, within any reasonable time, the deliberate action of our State in the August election, the assurances of public men that no test oath or drafting measures will be adopted or required, the mutual hatred which has grown up between the antagonistic sections of the Union, and the recent confiscation laws which have been either adopted or proposed on both sides, as well as other causes, have rainfully impressed my own mind with the belief that, unless some wonderful and improbable change be effected, our beloved Union is gone for ever, and it is our policy and duty to submit to a result which, however we may deplore it, seems to be inevitable."

THE WAR LOAN IN CANADA.—The Canadians are investing so largely in the National loan as to cause considerable uneasiness for the solvency of the savings banks of Montreal and Quebec, which have been compelled to raise money at a great disadvantage, in order to pay depositors desirous of changing their investments.

THE HATTERAS PRISONERS.—The prisoners captured at Fort Hatteras have been transferred from the Minnesota to Castle William and Bodloe's Island, where, although closely guarded, they are humanely cared for. Their rations are the same as those of the regular United States soldiers. Commodore Barron is at Bodloe's Island, of which he is allowed the liberty, under special guard, and resides in a small house intended for officers. Fort Schuyler will probably be fitted up for any more prisoners that may be forwarded here.

THE VOTE OF APPROVAL.—The third section of the act of Congress, providing for "the increase of the pay of privates in the regular army and of the volunteers in the service of the United States and other purposes," approves the acts and measures of President Lincoln, consequent on the attack on Fort Sumter. It is as follows:

"SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That all the acts, proclamations and orders of the President of the United States, after the 4th of March, 1861, respecting the army and navy of the United States and calling out or relating to the militia or volunteers from the States, are hereby approved, and in all respects made legal and valid, to the same extent and with the same effect as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO GENERAL McDOWELL.—The *Augusta* (Ga.) *Chronicle*, reviewing General McDowell's report of the battle of Bull Run, says that officer the following tribute:

"McDowell makes no display in his report, but it is a plain detail of his movements, and it shows that he arranged and fought the battle as well as any of Lincoln's Generals, with their troops, could have done, not excepting General Scott. He managed it admirably in every respect, and was very nearly successful."

THE NEW YORK *Courier des Etats Unis* contains a letter from the Editor-in-chief, who resigns his place now that he can no longer oppose the war and counsel treason through its columns. He says that since the *Journal of Commerce*, the *News* and the *Day Book* have deserted the cause, it is needless for a paper printed in a different language to oppose the popular sentiment, and he abandons the American people to their own fate. We think they will survive the blow.

THE PRIVATEER JEFF DAVIS.—This vessel which for two months has been so annoying to Northern commerce, was wrecked on the 16th of August, in endeavoring to cross the bar of San Augustine, Florida, to which port she belonged. She is a total loss, with her guns and ill-gotten spoils. It is believed that the wreck will prove a complete obstruction to the harbor, and become an efficient aid to the blockading fleet. It is a disgrace to the navy that she was not captured long ago.

AN EMPIRE TRANSFERRED.—As the Southern rebellion is unequalled for its wickedness, its punishment will be equally signal. Retribution already prepares to strike. Its fancied strength and chief temptation, cotton, has ruined it. It is impossible to observe the action of England without being convinced that she is about to call a rival to fill the throne hitherto occupied by that imperious despot, American Cotton. The South reckoned that cotton would terrify England into a recognition of a Slave Power, and a consequent war with the United States. She will find herself mistaken—instead of being considered the indispensable, she has become the superseded. Her madness has given her hitherto neglected rivals the opportunity they wanted. China, Algeria, Central America, and India have already received the encouragement which will virtually abolish slave labor in the Southern States. The sceptre has departed from Judah! and we may be sure much to England's satisfaction, for it has gone sadly against her pride to be so dependent upon one nation for her great staple. Henceforth her own colonies will chiefly supply her mills. Looked at in this light, the present rebellion assumes the appearance of a great step in human progress, necessary for the full development of American industry, freedom, and genius—as well as the perfect triumph of our Republican Institutions.

TERROR is always cruel. The Southern editors, judged by this standard, are in an agony of mortal fright. It is evident from the following extract from a violent article in the *Montgomery* (Ala.) *Mail*, that the Southern Confederacy are about embroiling themselves with foreign powers. The idea of compelling foreigners to fight their battles shows the extreme brutality to which rebellion has reduced them:

"We admonish these aliens, spies and villains, whether native or foreign born, not to lay the flattering unction to their souls that the outside platter of loathsome smiles and hypocrisy under which they think they conceal the treason and villainy which rankle in their black hearts, deceive us. We tell them that their cheeks are as gossamer webs—their treachery is exposed to the gaze of a public becoming more and more indignant every hour. We tell them that we cannot answer for the consequences which their meanness and enormous villainy may soon bring upon their detestable carcasses. We advise them to make haste to take themselves, bag and baggage, to their own place, lest, like Judas, their journey be expedited."

"It makes our blood boil with rage to see men—men whom we know rejoice at the death and wounds of our kindred and our friends, received on the bloody field of battle. The very sight of these hypocritical traitors and spies makes us nervous. We pass them, and we could slay them as we would a mad dog. Still the compassion of our forbearing nature induces us to warn them of the storm of indignation and wrath which is gathering in portentous blackness, and which may burst at any moment in terrible fury upon them. We put a small value upon our own life in this scale—we put much less upon the lives of hypocritical, perfidious and detestable spies and traitors."

Their worst enemy could not have written anything worse of them and their cause than this.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.—Frank Leslie is publishing an excellent Pictorial History of the War, which will commend itself to those who wish to preserve a reliable and faithful record of the present contest. It is well illustrated, and ably edited by E. G. Squier, the faithful and well-known historian.

No one can do this work better than he, and we are glad that so able and impartial a pen has assumed the task. Issued semi-monthly, at twenty-five cents a part.—*Lorain Co. News, Oterlin, Ohio.*

NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The New York State Democratic Convention, which assembled at Syracuse on the 4th, adjourned on the 5th, after making the following nominations:

David E. Floyd Jones, Secretary of State.
George E. Camstock, Judge of Court of Appeals.
George F. Scott, Comptroller.
Lyman Tremaine, Attorney-General.
Francis C. Bronck, Treasurer.
Jarvis B. Lord, Canal Commissioner.
W. W. Wright, Canal Commissioner.
Wm. C. Rhodes, State Prison Inspector.

First among the resolutions adopted by the Convention is the subjoined: *Resolved*, That in this crisis the watchword which should pass through the Democratic ranks calling them together and consolidating them in one erect and determined mass in defence of our imperilled country, is the sentiment of Andrew Jackson, that "the Union must and shall be preserved."

THE INCOME TAX.—The Income Tax, authorized by Congress, goes into effect on the 1st of January, 1862, and is payable on incomes received during the present year. The 4th section of the law is as follows:

"The tax herein provided shall be assessed upon the annual income of the persons hereinafter named for the year preceding the time for assessing said tax, to wit, the year next preceding the 1st of January, 1862."

All persons, therefore, who, during the current year, are in receipt of incomes exceeding \$800 a year, must pay their tax at the rate of three per cent. on the whole amount in excess of that sum. It is provided, however, that, in estimating incomes, all national, state or local taxes assessed upon property from which an income is derived shall be first deducted.

INCREASE IN RAILWAY AND CANAL TRAFFIC.—The receipts of the New York Central Railway for the 11 months terminating Sept. 1st were \$516,046 in excess of those of the corresponding months of last year. The increase on the Erie road is \$508,428. The amount of grain passing through the Erie Canal since May 1st is 9,219,418 bushels in excess of the amount for the same period last year.

NEW YORK SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE LOAN.—The following figures show the daily subscriptions to the Great National Loan in New York city, for the week ending Sept. 7:

By Individuals.	Last week.	Previous week.
Monday.....	\$340,000	128,000
Tuesday.....	307,000	147,000
Wednesday.....	518,000	171,000
Thursday.....	575,000	200,000
Friday.....	347,000	174,000
Saturday.....	402,000	300,000
Total individuals.....	\$2,789,000	\$1,220,000
Paid in by Banks.....	5,600,000	3,500,000
Total for the week.....	\$8,389,000	\$4,720,000
Total for the fortnight.....	\$13,109,000	\$8,500,000
Previously—By Banks.....	\$3,500,000	
Individuals.....	666,000	4,066,000
Total paid up to date.....	\$17,750,000	
Balance of first Bank guarantee.....	17,825,000	
Total allotted to New York to 15th October.....	\$35,575,000	

SPECIE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The stock of specie in New York, as returned by the Banks and Sub-Treasury, shows but slight variation from \$64,000,000 in the last three or four weeks, viz.:

Specie.	In Bank.	Sub-Treasury.	Total.
August 17.....	\$49,753,000	\$4,380,000	\$54,133,000
August 24.....	47,119,000	6,937,000	54,056,000
August 31.....	45,028,000	8,651,000	53,679,000
Sept. 7.....	42,000,000	13,034,000	55,034,000

Vanity Fair ridicules the Southern Commissioners in Europe in rollicking rhyme, and in view of their failure, past, present and future, concludes:

"So let her Yankees once more brave the floods,
Her Dudley Manns pack up their Manly Duds,
And hasteen home again!"

Vanity Fair also recommends that, as it has been proposed to get up a testimonial for Beauregard in England, one should be started here for Nena Sahib, the persecuted Sepoy patriot of India!

DIVIDED COUNSELS.—A Frederickburg correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* complains of "divided counsels" in the rebel Government. While one portion is in favor of "a short, sharp and decisive war policy," there is another portion "who think that a delay of a few weeks will produce a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of this controversy without further blood shed; that the intervention of the European Powers, the uprising of a peace party at the North, will effect this result; that the Northern people, now languid and discontented in regard to this war, might be aroused to gigantic efforts by a movement which, though not aggressive, in fact, they would so represent to their people, and perhaps excite a war frenzy surpassing that which followed the downfall of Fort Sumter."

The profundity of British ignorance of American affairs is fathomless. The last number of the London *Dispatch*, in an article on the war, bitterly hostile to the North, portrays our sufferings in strong language. Trade, it says, is in such a desperate condition that "New York paper can be cashed in Chicago only at a discount of 60 per cent." The national securities, it represents, are "29 per cent. below par," and the "Government reduced to the issue of dollar notes." We hardly need add that the *Dispatch* is in favor of Secession.

HERE AND THERE.—The Minister of War in France is a Marshal of the Empire, and the Minister of Marine is an Admiral of experience. The Secretary of War of the United States is a small politician, and a rather successful operator in railway jobs and wildcat banks; and the Secretary of the Navy is a still smaller politician, who was once a very poor editor in Hartford, and subsequently the holder of a \$1,800 clerkship in the Navy Department, under Mr. Bancroft! The result, in the two countries, is precisely what might be anticipated—intelligence and efficiency in the one case, and ignorance and inefficiency in the other.

UNION VICTORY AT LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—Lexington, Lafayette county, Missouri, was the theatre, on the 29th August, of a brilliant action between the rebels, numbering 4,000 men, and a body of Home Guards and United States troops, amounting to about 430 men. The attack was made by the rebels early in the day, but after a short conflict the enemy was repulsed, with the loss of 60 men. There were only a few wounded on the side of the Union. The Union forces since then had been reinforced by an Illinois regiment, under the command of Colonel Marshall, and a portion of a regiment of Home Guards, under Colonel McClung, numbering in all about 1,200 men. This would make the Union forces nearly 1,700 men. There were also two regiments marching to join them from Jefferson city. When near Georgetown, the Illinois regiment was fired at by a person from a window, with a double-barrelled shot gun, and one man killed and another wounded. The person firing was captured, and proved to be Colonel Magoffin, the leader of the Secessionists in Pettis county. He is now a prisoner.

DIRTY HANDS.—The purveyors of the press are sometimes very funny. We have ourselves been very reluctantly compelled to allude to the "dirty hands" of some of the Cabinet, but now the Maine *Republican* publishes the confession of the Vice-President that his own hands are dirty, and not fit to be shaken by a neighbor. We quote the exact words:

"Since his recent return from the Capitol, one of his neighbors called upon Vice President H. Miller, at his farm at Hampden, Maine, and the Vice-President came up to him out of the cellar, and excused himself from shaking hands, remarking at the same time that his hands were dirty, for he had been picking over his potatoes."

Happy Republic! when in such times as these the wife of the President employs her leisure in shopping, and the Vice-President whiles away his leisure in "picking over his potatoes!"

It has been our painful duty to call attention on several occasions to the lax administration of the War Department. The *Herald*, of the 8th

September, however, makes so serious a charge against Mr. Cameron that, true, that eminent member of the Cabinet ought at once to be dismissed. The *Herald* says, alluding to the strife between the Governor of Pennsylvania and Mr. Cameron:

"The bitterness between these two chiefs has been so great, that the most important business letters concerning movements of troops reaching the War Department, known to emanate from Governor Curtin, and addressed to Simon Cameron, have not been opened."

If we should get rid of our War Minister without another Bull Run we shall be fortunate.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

A PAMPHLET, containing all the information necessary in reference to subscriptions to the national loan, is being prepared, and will soon be published under the auspices of the Treasury Department.

THE following sums were in the different depositories and branch mints of the United States in the second States at the time those States rebelled, and were stolen from the Government:

New Orleans.....	\$855,494
Richmond.....	14,097
Norfolk.....	11,795
Wilmington, N. C.....	6,088
Savannah.....	4,874
Mobile.....	18,255
Nashville.....	4,840
Galveston.....	2,881
Norfolk.....	1,418
Little Rock, Ark.....	58,692
Tallahassee, Fla.....	679
Charlotte, N. C. (branch mint).....	37,000
Dalhousie, Ga. (branch mint).....	27,900
Total.....	\$718,998

The steamer Northern Light, just in from the Isthmus, brought 30,000 stand of arms from California, a portion of the 50,000 stand sent to that State by Floyd.

THE receipts of flour and grain by the railroads leading into Chicago from the West, during the six days ending August 26th, were as follows:

Flour.....	81,800 barrels.
Wheat.....	763,863 bushels.
Corn.....	1,290,272 "
Oats.....	95,953 "
Rye.....	9,151 "
Barley.....	2,050 "

Reducing the flour to wheat, the entire receipts of grain during the week amount to 2,323,689 bushels. Compared with former years, this is the largest amount of grain ever received in any one week in the history of the grain trade in Chicago.

On the 2d inst. a train of cars, one mile and a quarter and thirty rods in length, passed through Rochester over the Central Railroad for the West. It was drawn by five locomotives.

The following order has been issued by Lieutenant-General Scott: HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, August 3.

The General-in-Chief is happy to announce that the Treasury Department, to meet the payments to the troops, is about to supply besides coin, as heretofore, Treasury notes, in \$5, \$10 and \$20. They are as good as gold at all banks and Government offices throughout the United States, and most convenient for transmission by mail from officers and men to their families at home. Good husbands, fathers, sons and brothers serving under the Stars and Stripes will thus soon have the ready and safe means of relieving an immense amount of suffering, which could not be reached with coin. In making up such packages every officer may be relied upon, no doubt, for such assistance as may be needed by his men.

By command of Lieutenant-General Scott, E. D. TOWNSEND, Adjutant-General.

A LARGE meeting was recently held at Newport, Kentucky, which was addressed by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee. The following is the eloquent resolution adopted by the meeting:

"We are for peace—every good Union man deprecating war; and we demand that this war shall cease at the earliest possible moment; that is to say, so soon as it can be obtained with American honor, so soon as all rebels lay down their arms and treason is properly punished, and our old flag floats over every foot of our soil. The last dodge of the Secessionists in this city for 'peace' is a trap too transparent to catch even the weak and simple."

At a regular meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, held Sept. 5th, the following, among other resolutions, was adopted:

"Resolved, That this Chamber pledges to Government its unflinching support in a vigorous prosecution of the war until every rebel has laid down his arms, and every State has returned to its allegiance. The contest, it believes, admits of no other termination, since any other basis of peace would dishonor the nation and prove to the world that our cherished form of popular government is a failure."

THE issue of the demand Treasury notes, \$5's and \$10's, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. About \$250,000 per day is thrown out now, and the first of next week \$500,000 per day will be issued. Ten clerks are employed in signing and countersigning them. For the signature of the whole issue of \$50,000,000 of demand notes, the labor of one man for seven years would be required.

On the morning of the 6th of September, Gen. Grant, commanding at Cairo, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gunboats, took possession of Paducah, Ky. He found Secession flags flying in various parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the arrival of the Southern army, which numbered about 4,000 men, and which was about 10 miles distant. The citizens, however, quickly tore down the flags upon the arrival of our troops. General Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot and the marine hospital, and at once issued the following proclamation:

"I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen. Not to maltreat or annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fires upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your Government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the Government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command."

N. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General Commanding."

Latest Intelligence.

THE gubernatorial election in Maine was held on the 9th. Returns from 71 towns give Washburn (Rep.), 20,313; Jameson (Dem.), 8,151; Dana, (White sea her), 5,206. The Legislature, as previously, is largely Republican.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN has issued the following order in the case of Private Scott:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Washington, Sept. 8, 1861.

Private Wm. Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, having been found guilty by Court Martial of sleeping on his post while a sentinel on picket-guard, has been sentenced to be shot, and the sentence has been approved and ordered to be executed. The commanding officer of the regiment and the company of the condemned, together with many other officers and privates of his regiment, have earnestly appealed to the Major-General Commanding to spare the life of the offender, and the President of the United States has expressed a wish that as this is the first condemnation to death in this army for this crime mercy may be extended to the criminal. This fact, viewed in connection with the inexperience of the condemned as a soldier, his previous good conduct and general good character, and the urgent entreaties made in his behalf, have determined the Major-General Commanding to grant the pardon so earnestly prayed for. This act of clemency must not be understood as affording a precedent for any future case. The duty of a sentinel is of such a nature that its neglect by sleeping upon or deserting his post may endanger the safety of a command or even of the whole army, and all nations affix to the offence the penalty of death.

Private William Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, will be released from confinement and returned to duty.

By command of MAJOR-GEN. McCLELLAN.

RAILROAD CATASTROPHE.—On Monday a fiendish outrage was committed on the Baltimore Railroad train, by which several cars containing some of the 1st Maryland Cavalry regiment were thrown from the track, near Cockeysville, on the North Central. The engineer, a Baltimore man, and strongly suspected of being a rebel, upon seeing the fatal result of his recklessness detached his locomotive, and leaving the train behind, hurried on to Baltimore, where he was arrested. The soldiers fired upon him as he escaped with his engine. His name is Frederick Gumbuck. We trust the Government will execute summary justice upon this ruffian and the Assistant Superintendent, Samuel D. Young. We regret to add that six of our gallant troops were killed and fifteen wounded. Both Young and Gumbuck have been arrested.

We have the gratifying intelligence from Washington that the Government intends soon to put about two more expeditions for the Southern coast. Their exact destination is, of course, not known, but it is surmised that South Carolina and Georgia will be the next recipients of Federal attack.

It is reported that ten regiments have been sent from Virginia to North Carolina to reassure the rebels, and resist the anticipated advances of the Federal troops.

ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXII.

LORD KINGSWOOD, when he had turned the key upon Erle Gower, requested Philip Avon and those who surrounded him to keep the confinement of the former as a prisoner a secret for the present.

There was one person, however, who had watched with much though concealed indignation the whole proceedings, except the process of locking the prisoner in his cell, and listening to Lord Kingswood's injunctions to the servants to maintain secrecy. That person was Lady Maud's own maid.

She withdrew herself from the scene before the final turning of the key in the lock by Lord Kingswood, and made her way direct to Lady Maud's apartments, in one of which she knew she should be sure to find her.

Common-sense and a still tongue mostly keep company, and if the girl had her full share of curiosity, and perhaps a little more than her share of superstitious fears, she still possessed a certain amount of discrimination, which, exercised in every-day matters, but especially in her own private affairs, did duty for a very decent kind of worldly wisdom.

"I wish he would, my lady; for, so sure as my name is Susan Harebell, he wouldn't allow that horse to be shot," exclaimed the girl, emphatically.

Certainly not," exclaimed Lady Maud, with a heated flush upon her face. "Both my cousin Cyril and Lord Kingswood would be exceedingly angry if so cruel and brutal an act were committed. Mr. Philip Avon had neither the right to issue such an order, nor the power to have it executed, if he did arrogate the right to give it."

"Mr. Philip Avon, when he came here this morning, my lady," returned the girl, artfully working round to her point, "stormed at the grooms because his order has not yet been obeyed."

"Is Mr. Philip Avon at the Hall now?" inquired Lady Maud, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Oh dear, yes my lady," replied Harebell; "indeed, he has quite upset the whole household."

Lady Maud looked at her with an expression of alarm, but did not speak.

Your ladyship does not perhaps, know that Mr. Philip Avon came here last night just after midnight with some officers, and said that burglars were in the old library."

"In—in the old library?" ejaculated Lady Maud, turning white.

"Yes, my lady—but, oh dear me, perhaps I ought not to tell your ladyship anything about it, as your ladyship is in delicate health," exclaimed the girl, cunningly interrupting herself.

"Everything, my dear Harebell!" cried Lady Maud, quickly; "everything, do not omit a single occurrence you may be acquainted with."

"Well, my lady, I do not know much, but what little I do I shall be happy to communicate to your ladyship," she answered. "You must know, then, that just before we were going to retire for the night, and while we were talking over how Lady Kingswood ordered Mr. Puarice to be horsewhipped through

deeper and more settled became her aversion to Philip Avon, and how fixed her determination to rather than to become his!

Lady Maud was indeed greatly disturbed by what she heard—not so much upon her own account as upon Erle's. She had formed a pretty just estimate of Philip Avon's vindictive nature, and she fully prepared to learn that he had made to Lord Kingswood all the most malicious representations respecting Erle which a wicked invention could construct. She had received from him abundant proofs that he knew by surmise of the love existing between herself and Erle, and she did not doubt but that he would make the basest use of that knowledge, unprepared as he was to substantiate the proof. She had a presentiment that he had before Lord Kingswood preferred a charge against her of having surreptitiously endeavored to gain her affections.

It was her wish therefore to help Erle to escape if she could. She knew not how it was to be done, but if it were to be done, and she the instrument to effect it, what happiness it would be to her!

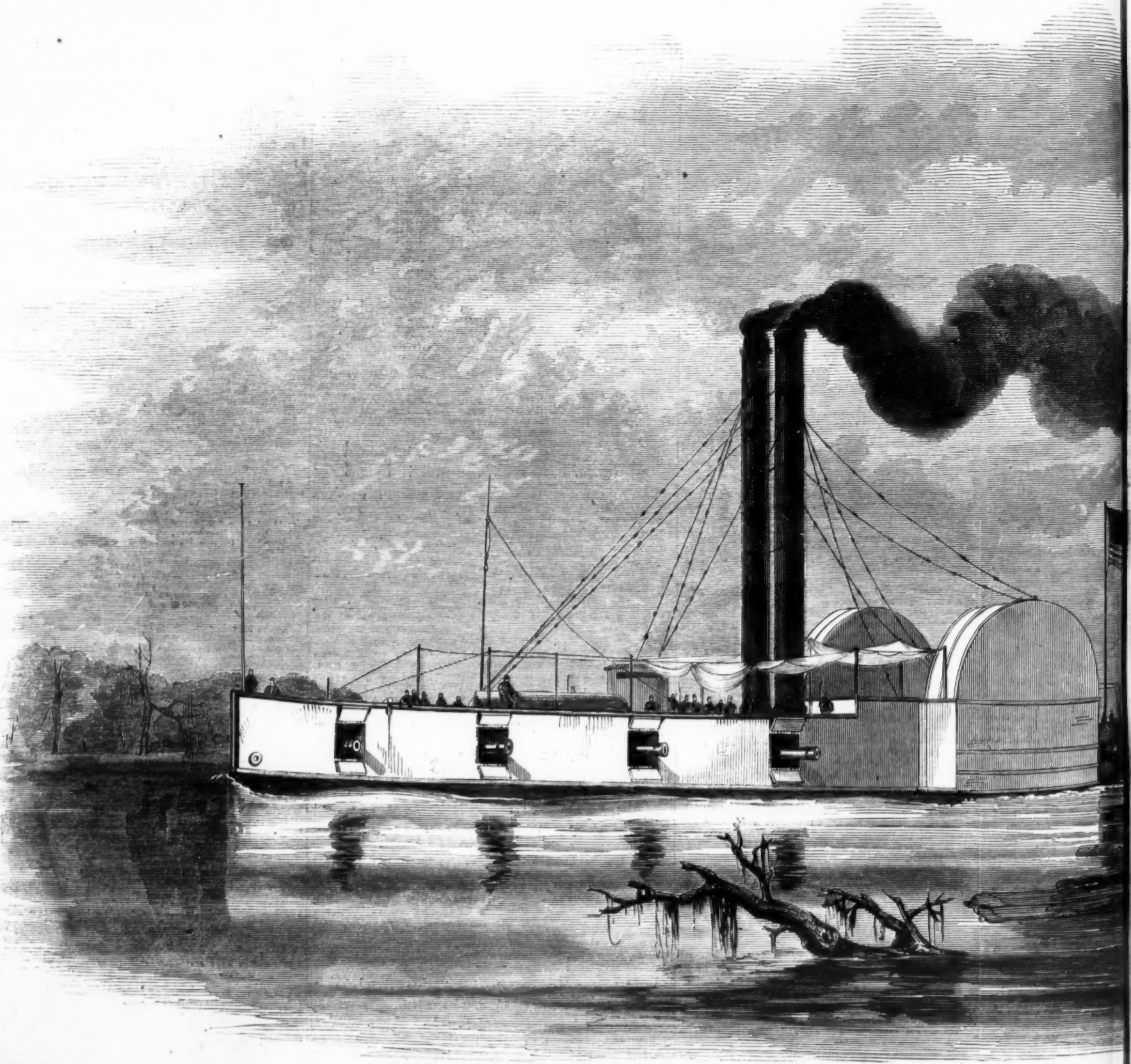
Her thoughts, at first wild, vague, wandering, unconnected, took eventually this shape, and she had done so, the consideration how the escape was to be effected followed also.

It was necessary that she should see him and arrange the means for his flight; it did not, however, occur to her that he was locked within the chamber in the eastern wing, and that Lord Kingswood had got the key; nor did it suggest itself that the door of his prison was watched, likewise as was the window, which overlooked the Chace without. She only got at a portion of these disturbing facts making her maid Harebell repeat the latter portion of her story. Then she comprehended indeed that Lord Kingswood was himself Erle's jailor, and that one of the servants was appointed warden with his chamber.

It was at this very moment, when both were silent and deep in perplexing thought, that a messenger arrived from Lord Kingswood, requesting Lady Maud to attend him in his library.

Lady Maud grew pale and then flushed. She rose up and sank down in her seat again. She had a painful apprehension of his reasons for holding an interview with her, and she dreaded her weakness to sustain it.

"Do not be alarmed, my lady. Remember, you know nothing about Mr. Erle's presence here until I acquainted you with it. And if I should be wanted to speak to I'll say something I value



THE FLOTILLA OF FEDERAL GUNBOATS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, UNDER

This discrimination enabled her to see the propriety of employing tact when bringing the incarceration of Erle to Lady Maud's notice. If it is true that a woman, without appearing to inform herself about them, will quickly become mistress of the habits of a beloved object, it is especially true that a servant, if attached, will, with seeming unconsciousness, soon conquer the secrets of her mistress, and in doing this, acquire a very shrewd conception of her inner nature. This young girl, having almost intuitively fathomed Lady Maud's secret, as instinctively knew that she must confine the discovery to her own breast, or at least not even breach the subject to Lady Maud; but at the same time she, with the art—in some instances bewitching—of her sex, knew how and when to speak of Erle in a manner pleasing to her young mistress, without giving her an inkling that she had realized the truth of the relation subsisting between them.

On the present occasion she, on seeing Lady Maud standing at the window of her sitting-room, gazing wistfully at the landscape beyond, her wishes carrying her beyond its limit, accompanied by the only one who had, she believed, the power to make her happy in this world, took not the slightest notice of her, but appeared to busy herself by performing some of her duties in the room. She, however, furtively watched every motion of her young lady's, until she heard her heave a deep sigh and saw her remove from her station at the window and sink into a lounging-chair.

Then she coughed twice or thrice to draw Lady Maud's attention, and at last, finding that the latter raised her thoughtful eyes from the floor, and turned them upon her inquiringly, she said,

"Does your ladyship, if you please, know whether it is likely that Mr. Cyril will shortly come down to the Hall?"

"I do not know. I don't think it is likely that Mr. Cyril will return to the Hall again for some time."

the park. Well, my lady, as I was saying," she continued, "Mr. Philip Avon came at the time I mentioned, and had some private talk with the butler, and then, after midnight, he came again with two officers, and then they and some of the men-servants hurried to the old library and searched it all over, and when they had done hunting, Mr. Philip Avon and the officers watched all night in the Chace, and then, when the sun was up, they came again to the Hall, and Mr. Philip said he was sure there was somebody concealed in the old part of the Hall, and the old library and old picture-gallery were searched, but nobody was found; then the old chambers were thought of, and they hurried to them, and oh, my lady, what do you think—but for your ladyship can never guess what happened. When they went to ransack the old rooms, and they had got into the dreary, haunted old bed-room, they found asleep, in a slumber as gentle and peaceful as that of a tired child on a summer's afternoon, Erle Gower."

Lady Maud, striving her utmost, could not repress a groan. It burst agonized in tone from her lips, and she turned from the girl to conceal her emotion.

"It was Mr. Philip Avon who first saw him," continued the girl; "and when Mr. Erle, handsomer than ever, leaped out of the bed and made his way into the next room, where he stood at bay, then Mr. Philip Avon taunted him cruelly. Such a scene followed! They all set on him, and he, by one by himself, and dragged him down the staircase to take him away! A prison on the pretence that he was a thief, when—thank Heaven! my lady, Lord Kingswood arrived and saved him."

The tears stood thickly in the girl's eyes, as, clapping her hands together, she made the last observation.

Lady Maud trembled violently. She once or twice essayed to speak, but found the effort too much for her. She could only clasp her hands together and await the conclusion to this unwelcome and unfortunate event. How much

Mr. Avon won't quite like; and besides, my lady, by-and-bye I will—never mind, wait till you see me again, my lady. I shall know then something more than I have told you."

Lady Maud rose up and took her way to the library.

As she entered, Lord Kingswood rose up from his seat, advanced with a storn, haughty mien towards her, touched her hand coldly, and conducted her to a seat.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, in a tone that almost made her start, "my coming is somewhat abrupt, but my engagements are so many and so various that I cannot direct my movements at all. I am obliged to snatch opportunities when they present themselves; hence I come thus without apprising you beforehand. Lady Kingswood is somewhat regular on these points, and as I will have an interview with her, I must enlist you in my cause, engage you to plead my excuses to her, and to use your persuasive eloquence to prevail upon her to see me at her earliest possible convenience."

This preliminary was something so different to what Lady Maud had led herself to expect, that could not help gazing up at him in surprise. He observed the expression upon her features, misinterpreted it.

"Lady Kingswood is here, beneath this roof—Kingswood Hall—Lady Maud?" he exclaimed, shortly.

"Certainly, my lord," she answered quickly.

"Her ladyship has not quitted it, I presume, since her arrival?" he added.

"Not even to wander in the ornamental grounds, my lord," she returned, quickly.

"Her ladyship has recovered her health?" he continued, drawing a deep breath after Lady Maud's remark.

"Her ladyship is still in extremely delicate health," rejoined Lady Maud, shaking her head and much depressed in spirits," she added.

"I will soon restore her ladyship to a happier and livelier state of mind!" exclaimed his lordship with a forced laugh. "You, too, Maud, shall recover your old smiles shortly, and Cyril will be amongst us, more sprightly than ever."

She looked up at him and said, with a boldness which surprised herself,

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I HAVE no friends."

"Absurd, that remark; but never mind. Your uncle has sent me to look after your welfare."

"Monsieur Charles!" I exclaimed, before I could conquer the impulse.

He took no notice of the interpolation, but continued, talking and eating his figs.

"Your uncle instructs me to tell you that he regrets there should have been a misunderstanding between you. He regrets his hasty language, and desires to know if you will return home?"

"No!" I roared, emphatically.

The monosyllable was a confession of my identity with the young gentleman he had been instructed to seek for. He looked at me with a sly, quiet smile, and shook his head doubtfully.

"Aha! my young friend, I have penetrated through your sheep's clothing, have I?" he muttered, munching his fig and winking diabolically. "You have established your own identity, and have saved me a good deal of trouble. Shake hands."

He rose up, smiling, and held out his fat jeweled fingers. Scarcely knowing what I did, I held out my hand, touching him. With a sudden movement, he seized me by the wrist, and turning back the shirt sleeve, revealed a slight scar near the elbow, the result of some accident in childhood. "I fell back angry and trembling; he gave a low chuckle and released me."

"Those were my directions," he observed, in insolent apology; "and you must pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance. Good morning."

I stared at him in amazement. He lounged out of the shop with a nod, and left me in a state of mind bordering on feeble idiocy.

CHAPTER XIV.—MY HEART IS TOUCHED.

The first idea that suggested itself to my mind was flight. But whither? I had no funds, and stood ten chances to one of starving in the great world, if I set foot in it alone. Should I make a confidant of Badger, senior? No; for by so doing I should enlighten him as to a state of affairs of which I had been told to keep him entirely ignorant. It was too late to communicate with my London friends. Fortune, fickle woman, was against me, and had decreed that I should be perpetually hunted down and driven into corners by my terrible Golden Skeleton. Oh, that I had been born poor, poor as Lazarus himself, that the face of my lot might be irradiated at least by a peaceful hope of heaven!

The fact was, I was, this time, absolutely alarmed. The scenes I had witnessed, and the dark hints I had heard in London, convinced me that to return to Monsieur Charles would be to put my life in imminent peril. It was clear monsieur's object was to get rid of me as quietly as possible. He was a villain, I knew, and my property (whatever that was) lay in his hands.

There was a beautifully-wooded esplanade in Tortonquay, and a small Rotten Row, up and down which the upper ten-and-twenty were accustomed to ride and walk in the evening. I scarcely know what led me to the spot; but that evening, when I could leave the shop without neglecting business, I strolled to the esplanade, and began cogitating beneath the trees.

I had been there rather less than half an hour, when my attention was attracted to a lady and a gentleman, who were seated on a bench some distance off.

The lady was young and fair-haired—a gentle and beautiful blonde of about eighteen. Her eyes were deep, pensive blue; her lips were as red as the rosebud, and as weak; her fair hair was braided about her forehead in plaited curls. She was elegantly dressed in light satin, and wore on her head the prettiest and most elegant of Parisian bonnets. The face, somehow, seemed familiar to me; but I could not at the moment make out when and where I had seen it before. Her companion, who was attired in the height of fashion, who looked worn and languid, and who was blushing wickedly, was Monsieur Charles!

The sentiment of beauty awakened by the image of that young girl deadened the unpleasant impression caused by the sight of Monsieur Charles. My heart fluttered and my face flushed; I felt a sensation intenser than, yet in some measure akin to, that produced by the sight of pretty housemaids. Who was she? What was she? Where had I seen her before? These were the questions which buzzed like bees through my bewildered brain. Fortune, not I, was to answer them; and in the meantime my heart was touched, and my brain was puzzled.

She was really very pretty. She had a quiet, pensive cast of countenance, and would have been very pale but for a blushing trick, which she shared with monsieur my uncle. There was something holy and healing in her look. She seemed made to smooth the pillow of the sick and succor the helpless. Now, I was annoyed to find that a disposition seemingly so sweet was contradicted by a style of dress which, to say the least of it, was not prudish. But more of that hereafter.

They were talking earnestly together, when the eyes of monsieur met mine. I shuddered and trembled. He did not appear to recognize me, but continued talking to his companion, gesticulating, as he did so, with the nervous energy peculiar to some people. Some invisible power chained me to my seat, and riveted my eyes on the young girl's face. It was a face that haunted me; it seemed like something buried in a far off life. I was not in love with the maiden; I was in love with her connection with my past life.

After the lapse of a few minutes, another figure appeared at the far end of the esplanade, and I recognized the offensive Jewish person who had visited me in my shop. He sauntered past, casting a quiet glance at me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Monsieur Charles. I did not wait to see more. I rose to my feet, and walked swiftly home, to the domicile of the vulgar but good-hearted Badger. I went to bed directly, conscious



HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR FEMALE REBELS, CORNER OF K AND SIXTEENTH STREETS, WASHINGTON. SEE PAGE 282.

that it was quite impossible to avoid the men I feared. I brought myself to this stolid condition of mind by reflecting on the charms of the young lady I had seen in the morning. Come what might, I was determined to ascertain who she was, and to unravel the mystery of her connection with Monsieur Charles. I resigned myself to my fate accordingly.

Early the next morning, just after the shop was opened, my Jewish friend lounged into the shop, placed in my hands a little note, and then lounged out again. The note, which was pink and scented, and was addressed to "Henry Brown, Esq."—the note ran thus:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—Why avoid your good fortune? Why put your friends to the inconvenience of forcing your good fortune upon you? Your conduct, to say the least of it, has been in very bad taste. My love for your dear mamma, however, prevents me from

for the future, we shall be the best of friends. Be assured, you shall never have cause to find fault with me for want of affection."

"I am sorry, very sorry," I murmured, "to be a burden upon you." "Henry, your mamma was my sister," he cried, "and I loved her with all my heart and soul. Can I avoid feeling a deep and tender interest in the fortunes of her son? Can I help grieving when I see that son wavering in the paths of error? Believe me, no. Besides, I am your legal guardian, and have property of yours in my hands. You are a minor; you are under age. It is not only my duty to use your property to your best advantage, but it is also my duty to see that you are prepared, by early associations, to appreciate and enjoy it."

"It is so; and I thank you very much for your kindness."

This was wilful deception. I was as far then from believing in monsieur as ever I was.

"And I, for my part, promise to act kindly and honorably by you, till a day comes when you will be your own master. Permit me to introduce a person whom I hope you will consider your dear friend. Mr. Henry, my daughter, Elizabeth, my dear, Mr. Henry, of whom you have so often heard."

My innamorata had entered the room noiselessly, and had advanced to shake hands before I was aware of her presence. She was dressed in a fine afternoon dress, and looked positively lovely. We shook hands. The tips of her soft fingers tingled in mine, and I felt overpowered with a tide of admiration and pleasure.

"I am delighted to meet so near and dear a relation," she said, shaking hands.

"Cousins need not stand upon ceremony," observed monsieur; "and I hope you will regard each other as old friends. I have a little business to transact, and must leave you together for a time. Adieu for the nonce, my dear nephew. Your return has filled me with spirit; I feel quite young again."

So he left the room. It might have been prejudice, but it seemed to me that the young lady breathed freer, as if ridden of an oppressive load, when he had gone.

To be candid, the situation in which I found myself was one of pleasure, slightly seasoned with nervous uneasiness. I had never been in the company of a pretty woman before, and hardly knew how to converse with such a person. She seemed listless, and did not encourage me. I commenced by observing profoundly that the weather was very warm—an observation which I shortly afterwards contradicted, by saying that the weather was very chilly. Strange to say, my companion agreed in both observations. I then asked her how she liked Tortonquay; and she said it was very slow.

Her face grew more and more familiar as the evening grew darker, as the windows blackened, and as filled me with a strange sadness. Where and when, I asked myself, had I seen it before? The consciousness of its intimate connection with my past life grew absolutely painful, and I was more than once on the point of putting questions to her. At last I did so.

"You are older than I am," I said, timidly, "and must have a longer memory. Can you remember if we have met before?"

"I think that we have," she re-



INCIDENT IN THE MARCH OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, DURING A STORM, IN WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 278.

piled, thoughtfully. "It was long ago, when you were a very little boy, and I was a little girl."

"I thought so," I spoke eagerly, for the words had supplied a defective link in my recollection.

"We were both very young," she continued; "and it was very, very long ago."

"It was," they said that I was a rich little boy, and that you were growing up to marry me. Your name," I cried, "was Sister Elizabeth."

"They called me by that name long ago. Your own, I remember, was Brother Henry."

She spoke quite listlessly and calmly, as though the recollection were of little or no importance. But her words and her face bewitched me, changing the whole course of my destiny.

Here was a beautiful but a weak face; it was weaker and more beautiful by far than that of the Little Girl's Portrait. It owed part of its quiet beauty to its weakness. It was the helpless face of a woman without cares. Sister Elizabeth had the face of an angel; but the aspiration and passion of woman seemed crushed out of her.

"They told me," I said, after I had recovered from my surprise, "they told me that you were dead."

"She moved her eyebrows inquiringly, and shook her head in quiet dissent.

"That you were dead and buried. Strange to say, I have never been quite able to believe it. You were so familiar to me, although I knew not who and what you were, or that we were relations."

"We are cousins," she said quietly. "I am surprised that you should have been ignorant of this."

"Monsieur, my uncle, was himself the means of blinding me to the truth. He did not mention the relationship, but impressed me with the statement that you were dead. That was long ago, when I was a child."

"Well, by-gones must be by-gones," she remarked. "I am now simply Elizabeth Charles, your cousin. Henceforward, cousin Henry, there is no mystery. Now let us talk of something else."

"Let us talk, then, of my uncle's plans as regards myself."

A cloud passed over her fair face, and she shook her head impatiently.

"It cannot be," she cried; "for my father's plans, whatever they may be, are hidden from both of us. Besides, why trouble ourselves with the future? The future is darkness; it drives men mad."

"Nevertheless, I am anxious to look into it on my own account. I am led to understand that I shall come into my property when I am twenty-one years of age. What I wish to understand is, the life I am to live until that property becomes mine."

"It was so arranged, I believe, that you should dwell with my father until that time."

"It was so arranged, I know; but certain misunderstandings upset the arrangement altogether."

"That is to say," she observed, smiling, "you took a dislike to my father, and ran away from him."

"Exactly," I answered, glad to get out of the explanation so easily. "I was foolish and ran away."

"But that is past and forgiven," cried my uncle, suddenly re-entering the room. "There is no reason that the arrangement should not be carried out in its integrity. Elizabeth, my dear, you will be delighted to hear your cousin promise to remain with us, trust in us, and try to love us until such time as he thinks proper to part company with us."

"Delightful, papa?" she answered, half surprised; "yes, of course I shall be delighted."

"Promise, then, Henry," said my uncle, shaking his forefinger at me, with a smile.

"I cannot," I said.

"How?"

"I have formed other ties, and have made friendships which render our connection impossible."

This, to say the least of it, was honest and outspoken. Elizabeth cast an appealing, terrified glance at her father. Monsieur's face was black and threatening, and he had a great struggle before he could keep his passions within reasonable bounds.

"I know them!" he muttered fiercely. "Pickpockets! cut-throats! and madmen! These are the friendships you speak of, and I wish you joy of them."

A new light—a little reflected, I think, from Elizabeth's face—broke in upon me. Could I have been deceived in Mrs. Timbs and Augustus? They were low, certainly, and might have been making a tool of me. Now I thought of it, their behavior had never been of a character to inspire confidence. Might not their accounts of Monsieur have been false and seditious ones? It was possible.

He saw the struggle going on in my juvenile mind, and laid his traps accordingly; carefully obtruding the image of his handsome daughter at every point of the conversation.

"I have regretted, deeply regretted," he said, "your persistent liking for such company. Men and women lost to every sense of decency, honesty or truth; men who are so bad as to have lost all faith in the goodness of human nature; women who are so vile as to take a cruel delight in torturing the young mind in evil."

"Nay, not so bad as that," I cried. "They are low, of course, but not so bad as you paint them. Mrs. Timbs—"

"Is a lost wretch, who, being lost herself, has taken a fancy to make all her acquaintances miserable. She is, probably, well-meaning, but she is also weak-minded. Trust her, and you would suffer and repent for it."

I made no answer—answer of any kind was out of the question—to these gratuitous assertions.

"To think that you should have preferred the company of these desperadoes to the refinements of a happy and elegant home; the society of blackguards to the society of gentlemen; the pittance extended by the hand of a wail, to the comforts offered by those of myself and my dear child."

Monsieur wiped his eyes, though I could swear there were no tears in them. I felt it necessary to step in with a salvo, in the shape of an apology of some sort.

"I have been very foolish," I stammered. "I confessed as much yesterday."

"And I volunteer to be responsible for him," interposed Elizabeth. "For the future we will permit no misunderstandings to arise. I am sure that my cousin has made up his mind to part with the low friends you speak of, and to take up his residence with us, is it not so, cousin Henry?"

There was a gentleness in her tone which caused my heart to beat and my face to flush.

"Be it so," I said, resigning myself to her healing influence.

CHAPTER XV.—A STRANGE MEETING.

In spite of conscience, in spite of experience, in spite of my own fear, I resigned myself to Fortune, and buried my Golden Skeleton in a bed of roses. The roses slipped aside, now and then, and revealed the glittering phantom; and when I leant back among them, I now and then felt its hard ribs beneath me.

Monsieur, my uncle, arranged matters, somehow or other, with the honest tradesman, Badger, and I was again my own master. It was with a pang (I confess it) that I separated myself from that vulgar person and his family. The short time I had spent in the Badger household had been the happiest period of my life, and it was only the face of Elizabeth which led me to relinquish pursuits so even and happy.

But in the society of a refined woman like Elizabeth lay a charm which it was next to impossible for a boy of my temperament to resist. I felt a new life in her presence—a life full of passionate aching and yearning. I had always wanted sympathy, and I now found it in her sad beauty. That beauty seemed strangely akin to something brooding in my own soul. I could not detach my heart from it.

Had I fallen in love, as the vulgar term it? I fancy not. There was pity in my feeling; and the attitude which love assumes is seldom that of pity. Moreover, the romance of my life had been dull and gloomy, and my heart was yearning for more brilliant romance. Love it could not be, for I was too young to be capable of love. It might, however, have arisen from that first dawning consciousness of beauty, which prepares the faculties for love, and harmonizes the young heart with those aspirations which introduce manhood.

Enough to say, I was delighted to find one relation who (so far as I knew) at least possessed one merit—that of youthful innocence. My pleasure at the discovery reconciled me to Monsieur, my uncle.

My uncle's household consisted at that time of himself, Elizabeth, Elizabeth's maid and your servant. I soon ascertained that Monsieur had practically separated himself from his Parisian business,

for the time being, and was living the life of a well-to-do gentleman. Immediately after I became one of the family, we all left Tortoungay together, and returned to my dead mamma's house of Caverford. The house was much more elegantly furnished than it had been when I left it, and was now surrounded by a beautiful garden and shrubbery.

Elizabeth presided over the domestic economy department—idly, she was the owner of the privy purse, the orderer-about of the servants and the virtual mistress of the dining-room. There was a cook, a maid-of-all work, Elizabeth's maid and a boy who cleaned the knives. These were the domestics. We lived quietly and rather elegantly. Once or twice within a month we went into London, and spent an evening at the theatre. Nobody attempted to poison me. Everybody attempted, with success, to make me comfortable. I was not so happy as I had been with Badger at Tortoungay; but I was much more luxurious, and felt much more satisfied with my position.

Notwithstanding all this, I was so far conscious of the peculiar aspect of past events, that I determined not to lose sight of the persons in whom I had promised to trust. Come what might, it was as well to keep on friendly terms with Augustus and Mrs. Timbs. So, having indited the following little epistle, I one day furtively put it into the post:

"DEAR MADAM—Before this reaches you, you will have heard that I have returned to my uncle. He found me out, and would not hear of my leaving him. I think you must have been mistaken in Mr. Charles. He is very kind, and has a beautiful daughter. With best love to Mr. Augustus, I remain, yours sincerely, HENRY BROWN. P. S.—Please address to me at the post-office here."

The evening after I had posted the above, I sat with my uncle and Elizabeth in the drawing-room.

"If you please, uncle," I said, innocently, "what has become of Mr. Timbs?"

My uncle lifted up his eyes and looked at me keenly, before replying.

"I perceive that you are not over interested in your old persecutor. Why, the truth is, it is some time since he and I have had any intercourse together. He has been doing business for me in Paris, and I have not had an opportunity of meeting him. You remember him?"

"Perfectly."

"Yet it is a long time since you and he met last."

"An unpleasant, vulgar fellow, and my abhorrence," broke in Elizabeth. "Papa, how can you have dealings with such low people?"

"In business, my dear, one cannot be over particular. Timbs, although plain, is honest. He is an old servant, and trustworthy; and I feel myself bound to serve him when an opportunity offers. He has served me in many a difficulty, and may often serve me again."

From this conversation I gathered that Augustus had seen the jolly man, and that the latter had thought twice before communicating certain matters to his principal. A certain interview, described in an early chapter of this history, had prepared me for this, and I was quite ready to believe that Augustus had a strong hold on the jolly man.

Shortly after I had posted my letter I received this line in return:

"DEAR MASTER HENRY—Stay where you are, but do not trust your protector. Beware, also, of the beautiful daughter you speak of. Time will reveal all. At present, I believe you are safe. Your true friend, MARTHA TIMBS."

This epistle convinced me that I had acted wisely in listening to the overtures of my uncle; and, after its receipt, I felt much more easy in mind than heretofore. My friends evidently considered that they held that end harmless for the time being. But one sentence threw me into an anxious perspiration—"Beware of cousin Elizabeth! What could Mrs. Timbs mean by that sentence? Could Elizabeth be as bad as the stock from which she sprang? Impossible!"

Why impossible? Because (I argued) Elizabeth was innocent and beautiful, and seemed akin to my love for beautiful things. These were stale arguments, and left me as anxious as ever.

Time passed on. I had been nearly a year with my uncle, before I ascertained that Elizabeth liked me and encouraged me; before I felt that I admired Elizabeth in one sense, and she adored me in another. We grew quite familiar, like brother and sister. My uncle encouraged this familiarity. For some reason or other, or for no reason, both treated me as if I were a full-grown man; and it was on this account, perhaps, that I at length began to fancy I loved my cousin. So time continued to pass on. My uncle was on or twice absent for short intervals.

One day, after dinner, Monsieur Charles lifted up his glass, and pledged me. He had done so once before, on a similar occasion, shortly after I had taken up my residence with him.

"Henry," he said, smiling, "this is your birthday."

The fact had struck me just before, and I nodded my head in the affirmative.

"This day, my dear nephew, you are eighteen years old. May I put a question to you?"

"Decidedly."

"A year ago we drank your health, at a time when you were not in the best of spirits. Tell me then, are you at length satisfied that you erred in treating us so cavalierly?"

I hesitated for a moment before answering. He smiled encouragingly.

"I am satisfied," I replied, "that you have treated me most kindly and considerately."

"You are quite satisfied, I hope, with the turn that affairs have taken?"

"I am more than satisfied."

"Barely said! Here, then, in this wine, I pledge you increased health and happiness; and if the wish be not father to the words, may the lightning strike me to fragments—like this!"

He touched the wine, and then dashed the glass to fragments on the floor.

"And I, too," said Elizabeth, "wish you happiness and all prosperity."

We were quite a little family party. We stood on no ceremony, and did not encourage the humbug of sending the lady away with the pudding. I acknowledged the toasts gratefully, half ashamed that I had ever doubted so kind an uncle. Mind, I knew nothing of the world, and my troubles had come too early to make me very sharp-sighted.

Some little time after this—why or in what manner the feeling arose I know not—I became impressed with a consciousness that Elizabeth was setting her cap at me, and that Monsieur, my uncle, was anxious that the cap should be set successfully. This consciousness was, to say the least of it, attended with consequences the reverse of agreeable. It re-awakened all the old dark doubts about Monsieur, and rather upset my deep-rooted belief in the innocence and beauty of Elizabeth.

My uncle was sharp-sighted, and perceived the state of my feelings. Soon after this, the manner of Elizabeth entirely changed; it was cold enough to keep me at a distance, without offending me. Noticing this, with some spleen, I asked Elizabeth the cause. She was afraid she had been foolish, she said, and young ladies must be prudent. This answer, whatever effect it might have had on a cooler head, convinced me that I had been mistaken. Palpitation of the heart ensued. Now that the reverse seemed proved, I felt hurt that she had not been setting her cap at me. I awakened at last to feelings which, in some respect at least, resembled true love. Close intimacy with her in the household, instead of interdicting love, rather encouraged it. Elizabeth was so ladylike, womanly and beautiful, in the house and out of the house, that her presence impressed me with a delicious feeling of domestic repose. She was, if anything, a little too tame and passive; but I was a slow boy, and did not desiderate either a coquette, or what old Aubrey calls "a handsome bona roba and generous." Perhaps, indeed, it was her perfect repose that captivated my heart. I had been hunted and driven, storm-tossed, about the hard world, and longed for some cool, quiet oasis to rest and sleep in.

The influence of my uncle over my juvenile mind had become immense. I found myself unconsciously yielding to his judgment on all occasions. He twisted me round his finger, as it were, and made a puppet of me. Do you know that I felt a sort of fascinated pleasure in yielding to his arts? I was like one bewildered, entranced by the eyes of a snake. He seemed so knowing and clever, this uncle of mine. He was no ordinary man, and I could not help admiring him.

But one day he threw me into a fit of wonder by certain straightforward remarks. We were walking together in the shrubbery, and he was smoking his cigar.

"Henry," he remarked, "you will soon be of age. You are, I may say, a man now."

I looked at him, trying to guess his drift; but he was like a lake—all depth and coolness. He smoked for a moment without speaking, and then continued:

"You are nearly of age, Henry, and you are in love with my daughter Elizabeth."

I had never, even in my own mind, heard the fact stated so broadly before. It upset me to hear it stated with such careless equanimity. I glanced at the speaker, and began to stammer a denial.

"Pooh! don't prevaricate," he cried, patting me on the shoulder. "Confess it, like a man. You love your cousin. Come! there's nothing to be ashamed of; my girl is worthy of a grand duke."

"She is!"

"Ah! have I awakened your enthusiasm? Confess, then. You love her?"

I scarcely knew what to say. I blushed with all my blood, and trembled violently.

"You love her?"

"Yes, uncle, I love her."

"You could not help loving her. You tried to resist, but found it impossible."

This was bare truth; but his utterance of it amazed and disconcerted me greatly.

"Years ago, Henry, you told me of a little girl who was growing up for you, who was growing up to marry you. That little girl was my daughter Elizabeth. You see how Fortune brings these things about. You love your cousin, and you have been growing up to marry her. The ordeal of growth is reversed, but the end remains the same, and Fortune has done it for you."

He said all this in a cool and insouciant yet fatherly way, never giving me time to reflect on his words; but I was quite embarrassed by the whole conversation.

"She is good and beautiful," I stammered out, in my embarrassment.

"Exactly. Better by far than I am; prettier, though I say so, than most young women. I am pleased that you have complimented me by loving my child."

"What am I to do?" I cried. "I can't make out your meaning, uncle. Will you please explain?"

"Marry her!"

"En?" I exclaimed, surprised at his blunt language, and at his cool manner.

"I repeat it, marry her. I speak English, and you ought to understand me. Listen to me. I am older than you, and have sharper eyes than most men. I have perceived, not only that you love Elizabeth, but that Elizabeth loves you; and, being concerned in the happiness of both, I will not wilfully interpose a barrier between you. Marry her."

"How?"

"How? Why, in the usual way, I suppose. In church, with a plain gold ring."

"When?"

"A year hence, at the soonest. Say a short time after your nineteenth birthday. You see I have determined to be plain with you."

"You really think, then, that Elizabeth loves me?"

"I am certain of it, my dear boy. Have you spoken to her?"

"Not yet; nor had I any intention so to do. I was afraid, uncle. You see she is older, so much older than I, and I thought myself too young to think of marriage."

He threw the ash from the point of his cigar, and laughed pleasantly.

"I believe in early marriages, and have no foolish humbug about disparity of years. I myself made the happiest of matches when I was little more than nineteen. Speak to her."

"I will; that is to say, if I can summon up courage."

"Have no fear, my boy. Elizabeth loves you."

If you are a man or woman of the world, you will not be surprised to hear that my uncle's plain speech had not the effect of cooling my passion; but if you are young and innocent, you will think I acted unnaturally in not feeling my love lessen as the obstacles to its consummation decreased. For, if you are a man or woman of the world, you will be aware that boys of eighteen are the very vainest of human beings, and that every word, thought or event which flatters that vanity blinds their eyesight. I was vain to think that Elizabeth, a beautiful young woman, loved me. I was vain to think that I was man enough to be loved by a beautiful young woman. Add this vanity and its concomitants to a love which was rather full-fledged in the first instance, and your total will be a boy thoroughly blinded by Cupid, and wholly led astray by Cupid's courtiership. Monsieur, my uncle, was a man of the world, and did not act without due deliberation.

Although Elizabeth and I were on such familiar terms, I could not summon up courage to address her. Again and again the words were on my lips; but again and again I felt utterly foolish, and desisted. She seemed so far above me, in her delicate beauty and graceful womanhood. At last, in a very plump and abrupt way, much encouraged by further hints from my uncle, I broke the story to her. Bunt as my words were, I felt ready to sink into the earth as I uttered them.

We were walking alone in the garden, at early morning. It was spring-time; she was sowing seeds, and watering the flower-beds. Elizabeth!

I uttered the word almost unaware. She turned, with a smile.

"You are very beautiful."

"And you, Henry, are a flatterer."

"No; you grow more beautiful every day. And you are so good, too."

"O dear! I shall grow vainier than ever, if you talk so."

But she did not blush at all, nor seem embarrassed. She hung down her head, smiling quietly. The imminence of the situation rendered me bold.

"I love you!"

She dropped her watering-can, and muttered some hasty words of surprise.

"I love you!"

Why did she cast that imploring, terrified glance at my red up-turned face?

"Elizabeth, do you hear me? I love you, with my whole life I love you."

"Henry, I hear you. Oh, have pity! have pity!"

What could she mean by such words? Her face, I noticed, was deadly pale. At that moment I interpreted her manner favorably, and grew bolder and bolder.

"Your father has emboldened me to say thus much, Elizabeth. Without his encouragement, I should never have had the heart to speak. Forgive me, cousin, if I have offended you."

"You have not offended me, Henry."

"Nor surprised you?"

"Nor surprised me. Alas! I feared this."

She cast a wild, anxious glance around, as if fearing the approach of a third person. Then, as if recollecting herself, she forced a sickly smile, and glanced timidly at the ground.

"You feared this?"

"I scarcely knew what I said. I mean, I expected this; I was led to expect it."

"I love you, Elizabeth. Tell me, is the attachment returned? Can you spend a thought upon me?"

"Yes," she murmured, with another of her imploring glances.

"You love me, Elizabeth?"

She again glanced around her, trembling violently, and then exclaimed, almost mechanically,

"Yes, Henry."

I seized her hand, and kissed it rapturously; but, excited though I was, I was not sufficiently courageous to press her to my bosom.

"And you will marry me, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," she said; and I fancied that I heard her add, in an under tone, "God forgive me!"

Here was I, a mere child of eighteen, with the whole future of a beautiful woman in my grasp. I was bewildered and maddened. A terrible event, however, was destined to obtrude immediately on Monsieur's schemes and my dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.—INTRODUCES A CATASTROPHE.

Of course I was not without a suspicion that my uncle had a sinister motive in thus urging my suit with his daughter Elizabeth. Whatever that motive might be, whether fair or foul, I was certain, in

my own mind, that it existed. Monsieur never played useless cards; of that I was sure. His cards were either always hearts or well-placed knaves, and, with these, he seldom failed to win the game. But, in the present instance, I troubled myself little about his plans, and had sufficient food for reflection in the knowledge that I, a boy of eighteen, had popped the question to a beautiful woman, and been forthwith accepted.

Yes, strange as the words sounded to my ears, I was an accepted suitor, or, rather, an accepted husband in embryo, who was called upon to sue no longer. My cousin loved me! She would marry me! To think that, by the time I attained my majority, I might be the father of a family! I pictured, in my mind's eye, the announcement in the newspapers: "On Sunday, the —, at such and such a church, Mr. Henry Vanomrigh Brown, of Caverford, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Leonard Charles, Esq., late of Paris." I even went so far as to wonder whether I should look so very young when dressed for the ceremonial.

One day, not long after I had made my proposal, and been accepted, I thought I would stroll past the village close by to the village further away, in which latter stood the cottage wherein I had sojourned with Augustus. A year had passed since I had left that strange circle in Little Leopard street. I had grown a good deal since then: I was a tallish, slight youth, with light blue eyes and fair, curling hair; and, as I dressed well, must have looked quite the gentleman.

So I sauntered along the country road, in a musing mood. It was spring time. Buds were blooming, birds were singing, and the sun was shining brightly. I passed into the churchyard for a moment, and stood above the grave of the woman who, on her deathbed, had said she was not my mamma.

"SACRED"

"TO THE MEMORY OF —."

As I stood there, the whole occurrences of that autumn night came back to me. I was in the land of the dead, and I seemed in the land of ghosts. I trod on the green graves, some new-made ones, and they seemed to my tread like the cold clay of corpses. O this iterated mystery of Life and Death! The sun rises, and the world slowly brightens to the zenith; and in an hour the shades are falling on the earth, and on our hearts, and the sunset, like the seal of God, is burning over the grave of day, with a forlorn *Dieu j'accuse!*

I left the little churchyard with a bitter, not a softened heart; for, remembering the mystery of that grave and its occupant, and remembering what mine own eyes had seen above it, I rebuked myself for trusting in my uncle. But the feeling subsided, as it had done again and again before; for often, during the past year, I had strolled in my rambles to the churchyard, where my heart each time underwent the same change.

When I reached the further village, I rambled to the cottage where Augustus had lived. Glancing up at one of the upper windows, I met two wild eyes, which were looking at me fixedly through the pane, and I recognized the never-to-be-forgotten face of the man called Orsamel.

Surprised to find the man still living in that locality, so near to the abode of Monsieur Charles, whom Augustus seemed to have reasons for avoiding, I walked to the cottage door and knocked. The door was soon afterward opened by Augustus himself, who looked older by ten years than when I had seen him last. He was in mourning for some one. The black that he wore, and the weavers were rusty and dingy, and he seemed a fit person to preside at the funeral where the pauper's bones were rattled over the stones so dimly. His cheeks were pale and sunken, and his eye was lowering and suspicious. He looked at me keenly for a moment, but did not appear to recognize me.

"Mr. Augustus?" I said, half doubtful of him, but holding out a gloved hand.

He glanced at me again, more keenly than before, and then the recognition came.

"Mr. Henry!"

"Yes."

"Come in," he said, shaking my hand quietly, as I entered the house.

He exhibited neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing me. He seemed to receive my visit in a prepared way, as a visit long expected. He led the way into the kitchen, which was empty and fireless.

"I didn't seek you, or send for you," he observed, with a gloomy smile. "I knew well enough that your fate would lead to us again in good time, and I waited. You have come, and I'm glad to see you; but it would have mattered little had you stayed away. In the end, we should have met; so I waited."

"I scarcely expected to find you in this place. I was led to understand that you had an object in keeping out of my uncle's way. Yet I find you still living in the neighborhood."

"Come this way," he said, not answering.

He grasped my arm and led me into a little unfurnished front parlor, the window of which opened, pointing to the road.

"You see the road; it passes our door. It is the highway, and winds down from the North. What think you? That highway is our reason for staying here."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, really surprised.

"Morning and evening, day and night, we have our eyes upon the road there, one or both of us, watching. For Orsamel, whom you have seen, is still with me."

I mentioned the fact that, on entering, I had seen his face at the window.

"Of course you did," cried Augustus. "And why? Because I have said to Orsamel, whose mind grows clearer daily, that sooner or later one he knows will pass along here, from the North. Because I have bidden him watch for her and pray for her, and hail her for me when she passes by. Well, you see, this serves two purposes. It not only serves the main purpose of keeping a sharp look-out, it supplies a new interest to the man's mind, and takes him from thoughts which drove him mad in the first instance."

"But you must sleep!" I put this in delicately, as a suggestion.

"Of course. What I meant to say was (but I spoke in figures) that, in this spot we, ourselves unseen, are in the best position to pounce upon an object for which we have been waiting long years. Knowing, as we do, that the person we seek is helpless and bound, and in prison, as it were, but that the moment she frees herself, she will take this road from the North and pass on. Knowing, as we do, that the hue and cry will be after her, and that we shall be prepared to watch for her long before she reaches here. Knowing, as we do, that the enemy has no power to harm us, and does not even dream of the existence of one of us."

I was afraid to ask what, or who, the object or person might be, for which, or for whom, they were seeking so eagerly; but he saw my embarrassment, and, eyeing me keenly, said,

"We are seeking for a mad woman."

"Mad?"

"They say so. And these who cannot help her, seeing her break her bonds twice, and twice be driven by irresistible instinct into the lion's den, might hold her mad. Mad or sane, it matters little. We want her."

There was something sad and awful, not in Augustus's words, but in his manner. He was sad, like one pressed down with a great grief; he was fierce at the same time, like a lion preparing for a spring. He was not the Augustus of my childhood. He had grown less common-place, and more dangerous.

"Actors talk of piling up the agony; and we are preparing to do it with a vengeance. Ghosts shall arise to aid us. Living and dead will be with us. Then blood will be shed."

He spoke not passionately, but calmly and maliciously; and I followed him back into the kitchen.

"You wear mourning," I remarked, seeing he did not allude to the subject.

It was passion, anger, not grief, that he expressed on his dark face, as he answered,

"Yes; I wear mourning. Do you know for whom?"

"No, indeed."

"One for whom my heart had been in mourning many bitter years. One for whom I would have died gladly, if I could have saved her a tear. Mrs. Timbs."

I sprang to my feet, with a cry of surprise and wonder.

"Is she dead?" I asked, eagerly.

"Dead—and buried," he answered; "dead and buried six months ago. God bless her!"

"And you are in mourning for her," I said. "Why so?"

"Why so?" he repeated, mechanically, gazing with an air of abstraction into the grate. "Because I have long accounts to be settled in her name, and receipted with blood."

There was a great deal of blood in his allusions that evening.

"May I ask with whom this account is to be settled?"

"With your uncle, Mr. Henry, with your guardian. Her death has precipitated matters a good deal. She was wont to bid us wait in patience over certain wrongs which we were trembling to wipe out instantly. Now that she is dead, there shall be no delays."

I was surprised and frightened, for he seemed so deadly and bitter. Moreover, I was growing contented with my rich and easy life, and did not feel disposed at that moment to lose my cousin Elizabeth. It was plain that a storm was brewing, which was destined to upset my prospects. So I did not look particularly pleased at the turn the conversation had taken.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," I said, "that Mrs. Timbs is dead. She was a good and motherly woman. But perhaps it is better; she was very unhappy."

Augustus placed his hand on my shoulder, and there were tears in his eyes.

"She was my dear sister," he cried.

"Your sister?"

"Yes, Henry; and it is her wrong which has led me into your path, which has made your woes my woes, and given us a common revenge. You will understand this better soon. Enough to say, that the grass will not grow on her grave till I have settled accounts with the man who calls himself your uncle."

Stunned by the knowledge of this relationship, and sad with the news of the unhappy woman's death, I looked in a bewildering way at Augustus.

"My uncle?" I said. "What shall you do with him?"

"Kill him!"

"You don't mean murder? No; you are much too good for that?"

He laughed a hoarse laugh, but in a moment his face softened, and he drew his rough sleeve across his eyes.

"Too good, Henry?"

"You have always seemed so. I have always believed you good and kind."

"Henry, the kindness and goodness have long ago been beaten out of me; but it is the memory of a time when I was a tolerably good man that has made me anxious for your happiness. My poor boy, that happiness has not yet come, and I fear that I myself may be the means of dispelling some golden dreams you now entertain. Yet it is a duty, one for which you will thank me, when the time comes."

"I scarcely understand you," I murmured. "Of course, all this is a mystery to me. I even hesitate whether or not to inform my uncle that you have designs upon his life."

"Do so, then; and it will be of no avail. But do not imagine for one moment that it is your duty to do so. Did you know all, you would feel for Monsieur Charles a hate even more deadly than this hate of mine."

"I am, of course, puzzled again. I am always among the clouds when in your company."

"With regard to your wrong, I must be silent. With regard to my own, Henry, I will say thus much. Mrs. Timbs was, as I have said, my sister, and I remember a time when she was young and happy, and (as girls go) pretty. Innocent, too! Well, you are old enough to understand me, when I say that a man, whom she loved, deceived and spat upon her, and that that man, whom she died hating, was Monsieur Charles."

"Ah! I begin to perceive."

"She was innocent and poor, Henry, and he seemed so rich, respectable and soft-spoken, that she thought him an angel. He was a devil."

He clenched his teeth together and struck the table with his clenched hand. He looked so strange and eccentric, in his rustic mourning, that one labored under the impression that he was not sound in mind.

"He was a devil! He cast her from him, scoffing at her, and bound her, by a lawful bond, to a brute beast—Timbs. He bound her, for better, for worse, to a cowardly, mean, foul-spoken, beggarly dog—Timbs. He bound her to an ignorant, whining, thieving pettifogger—Timbs. Timbs was not to blame—he did not want a wife; but when he got her he spurned and abused her. He was a devil! He made her the wreck you saw. He was the author of the wrong which she died forgiving, and which I live to avenge."

I bent before this great torrent of passion, trembling.

"I shall kill him!" he cried. "Sure as the sun rises and sets, sure as Orsamel yonder raves with its rising, and sleeps with its setting; sure as Martha lived mourning, and died forgiving, I shall kill him! Aye, I'll grapple him, grasp him, and bear him with me to the grave to make atonement."

"I regret to hear this," I observed. "I must think over it all."

I then intimated to Augustus that it was necessary for me to leave for home, lest my absence should be noticed and commented upon. He assured me, as we shook hands, to think well of him, and to remember that he had always proved himself my friend. I was quite bewildered, and told him that I could promise nothing, hope nothing, do nothing. So I left him.

(To be continued.)

A UNION LETTER FROM THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

THE Russian Minister, Mr. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on the 7th, and read to him the following dispatch:

ST. PETERSBURG, JULY 10.

Mr. De Stoeckl, &c., &c.:

Sir—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America, you have been desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon the country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated, under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so long a career, an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional cord which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United they perfect themselves, isolated they are paralyzed.

The struggle which unhappily has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to co-exist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches, and a state of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to deep-n in an abyss between the two parties of the confederation, to end, definitely, in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations.

His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the industrial men of the two parties will seize all occasions, and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your counsel may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor, in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the American Union. This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal political equilibrium; it constitutes besides a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other. I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express our views in this context. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor for the peace of the nations, and the sincere wishes which his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised and which appeared so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the general Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation

may count upon our most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

The Secretary of State has delivered to Mr. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.

The Secretary of State of the United States is authorized by the President to express to Mr. De Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of his Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction from Prince Gortschakoff to Mr. De Stoeckl, and by him read, by his Majesty's direction, to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. Mr. De Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries, which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States. The Secretary of State offers to Mr. De Stoeckl renewed assurances of his high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Mr. Ed. De Stoeckl, &c.

THE GAMBLER'S CHARITY.

A PROFESSIONAL gambler, who, in Europe, is reckoned to be one of the most astute manipulators of cards of the present day, once found himself seated, with half a dozen acquaintances, at the same supper-table with Herman, the *president*. The talk ran upon cards, and Herman displayed some of those tricks which are at the finger-ends of all who dabble in the magic art. The gambler looked on smilingly, and for some time said nothing. At length he turned to a gentleman who was sitting beside him, and said,

"These are very pretty tricks; yet I confess that I should like to play a game of picquet with Mr. Herman."

Mischief sparkled in Herman's eyes as he smilingly accepted the banter.

"For money?" the professional gambler asked.

"Of course," was the reply. The gambler evidently thought that Herman did not know him. "You may name your stake, and I am content to play with my eyes bandaged."

"Perhaps," said the gambler, "you might consider" (and he smiled blandly) "25,000 francs too much?"

"Not at all," replied Herman. "But you will remember I seldom or never play for money. I am willing to make an exception in your favor, and expect to be paid."

"Sir!" said the gambler, half rising. But he recovered himself instantly; 25,000 francs was too large a sum to be perilled by a momentary ebullition of resentment. He also began to see that the game might possibly be a more difficult one than he anticipated.

The cards were produced.

"Do you wish my eyes to be bandaged?" inquired Herman, with a meaning smile.

The gambler looked dubiously at him, and was about to reply in the affirmative, but artistic pride (for even a gambler has artistic pride) forbade this. In the meantime, Herman's friends, although unaware of the gambler's profession, saw by the manner of the two that there was to be a severe trial of skill, and crowded around them. Herman laid his stake upon the table, or a representative of it. It was a gold repeater, which had been given him by the Emperor Nicholas, with his name and that of the donor engraved on it.

"I will redeem it to-morrow," he said; "but if you do," and he laughed ironically,

"I will redeem it to-morrow."

His adversary examined it, and then laid his stake, in bank bills, beside it.

It would be needless to describe the game. The gambler had provided the cards; he was an expert; he could deal and shuffle as only gamblers who are accomplished in the manipulation of pasteboard, can. All, however, was in vain. The game, to the delight of his friends, was Herman's. He placed the watch in his pockets. The gambler rose, and Herman took up the money.

"I have been cheated!" ejaculated his opponent, trembling with passion.

"M. de N—, you have not," replied Herman, in a coldly bitter voice.

"You have merely been fooled, my good sir, with your own weapons. Had I been playing with any other individual present, I might not, M. de N—, have employed them; but with you I do, preferring to rob you for the benefit of charity, rather than that you should rob me for your own."

The following day M. de N— was heard of as the princely donor of 25,000 francs to one of the principal hospitals of Paris. Herman had made the donation in his name. The story, however, got wind, and the society of the French capital found Herman's sarcasm deliciously piquant. "Gambler's Charity" became proverbial.

THE HUMORS OF WAR.

THE facetious Prentice, of Louisville, has had a fracas with Mr. Roger W. Hanson. It appears that Prentice wrote a very sarcastic article upon the late war, whereupon the latter sent him an invitation to meet him outside Jefferson county, to settle the dispute. Prentice thus answers the cartel:

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 3, 1861.

"ROGER W. HANSON—Sir: Yours of the 24 instant is received. You sought 'redress' for the very articles you complain of by publishing a scurrilous pamphlet, and, if you 'demand' any more 'redress,' you may get it in the same way or in any other way you can. I shall not appoint a time and place for meeting you, for I wouldn't go two steps to meet or avoid you. As for killing you, I think that I have done that effectually already, and I don't care to waste powder and lead upon a carcass. They can be put to better use in these rebellious times. Respectfully, GEO. D. PRENTICE."

Not content with thus declining to play the slain, Prentice comments thus upon the whole affair in the *Louisville Journal*:

"Our old friend Hanson wishes to be thought an honorable and chivalrous gentleman, but he has evidently been trying to take an unfair advantage of us. With our characteristic courtesy, we have treated him in the correspondence above as if we supposed he actually wanted to fight us with guns, pistols, swords or bowie-knives, but he doesn't flatter himself that we don't know better. He is only trying to get a cheap reputation for courage. In his late pamphlet he alluded to the little affair between us and himself, and proposed that we and he should meet somewhere outside of Jefferson county and either fight it out, quarrel it out, or drink it out. And now he is undertaking to carry out that programme. He asks us to meet him outside of Jefferson to settle the affair, without saying or even intimating in which of the three ways previously named he means to have the thing done. Ah, the old fellow can't catch us that way. If we were to meet him, he would, as we said in our remarks upon his pamphlet, manage to throw some difficulty in the way of every other mode of settlement except 'drinking it out.'"

Now we boldly say that we will encounter our fat foe in no such duel. Moreover, he is guilty of foul play. Gentlemen, when a duel is pending between them, esteem it a point of honor to abstain entirely from practicing with the weapons they expect to use. But Roger, setting all the laws of civility at naught, is practicing with his bottles and tumblers from morning till night every day, and gives himself double practice on Sunday. We should be justified in posting him for his conduct. It is ungentlemanly. It is unmanly. It is unbecomingly. Roger should be ruled at once out of the honorable fraternity of duellists. We invoke them to call a meeting and expel him."

A MAN AND A MU-ELL.—The Little Falls (Md.) correspondent of the *World* gives an amusing account of a Rappahannock farmer whom he encountered in his peregrinations, in the first stages of convalescence from a "big drunk," and plodding his way homeward, mounted on what rural Virginians call a *mu-ell*.

"He was a Rappahannock farmer, who had converted all his surplus into cash, and come up to camp for a little spree and tarry with 'the boys'; got a gambling, and now found himself sober but cleaned out of all funds except a 'cow state bank' shingle, with which he had purchased an old mule to carry him home. A far different animal from the gallant steed so lately lost at euchre! There he sat—a long, lank, deponent man on mule-back—looked at his legs and charger for a moment, and gave vent to the following soliloquy:

"Here I am, 60 miles from old Rappahannock, a riding on a *mu-ell*! Low (hicough) in purse and lost in (hicough) reputation. If any body can say that I (hicough) owe him anything in this year place, I freely (hicough) forgive him the debt! If any landlady's got any (hicough) bill against me I'll stay and (hicough) board it out! Get up, you blasted old *mu-ell*!"

THE "Anarchiad," a poem written in Revolutionary times by David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, John Trumbull and Samuel H. Kim jointly, printed in 1786, has the following paragraphs of recent application:

"Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,

Injurious authors of intestine war!

What countless mischiefs from their labors rise,

Pens dipped in gall and lips inspired with lies?

Ye free of ruin, prime, detested cause

Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws—

Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes

And Union's empire lost to empty dreams.

Your names, expanded with your growing crime,

Shall float disfigured down the stream of time;

Each future age applaud the avenging song,

And outraged Nature vindicate the wrong.

"What madnes prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates,

Your realm to parcel out to petty States?

Shall lordly Hudson part commanding powers,

And broad Potomac lave to hostile shores?

Must Alleghany's sacred summits bear

The impious butwarks of perpetual war?

His hundred streams receive your heroes' stain,

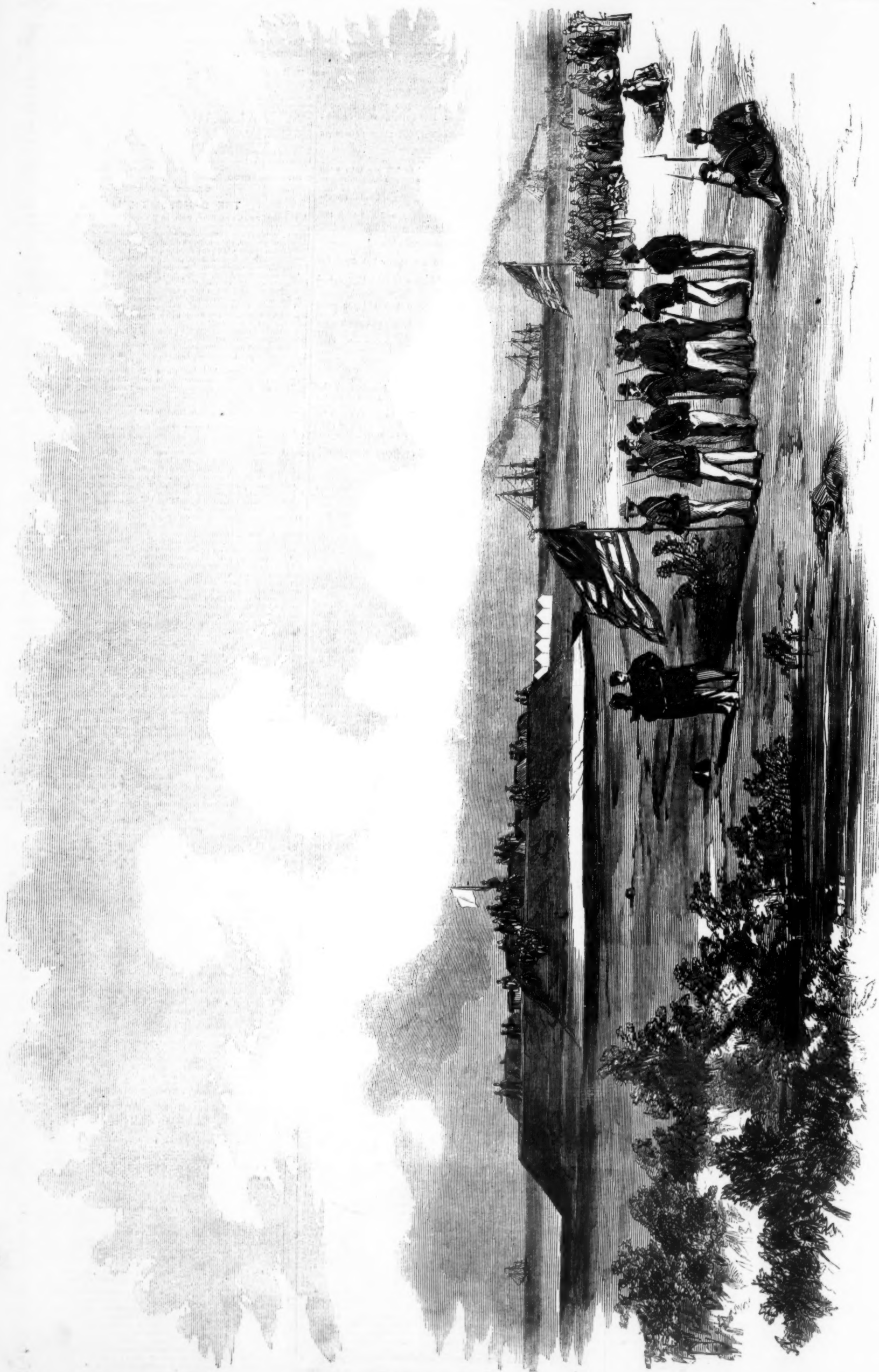
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?

Ere death invades or night's deep curtain falls,

Through ruined realms the voice of Union calls;

O! you who call!—attend the warning cry—

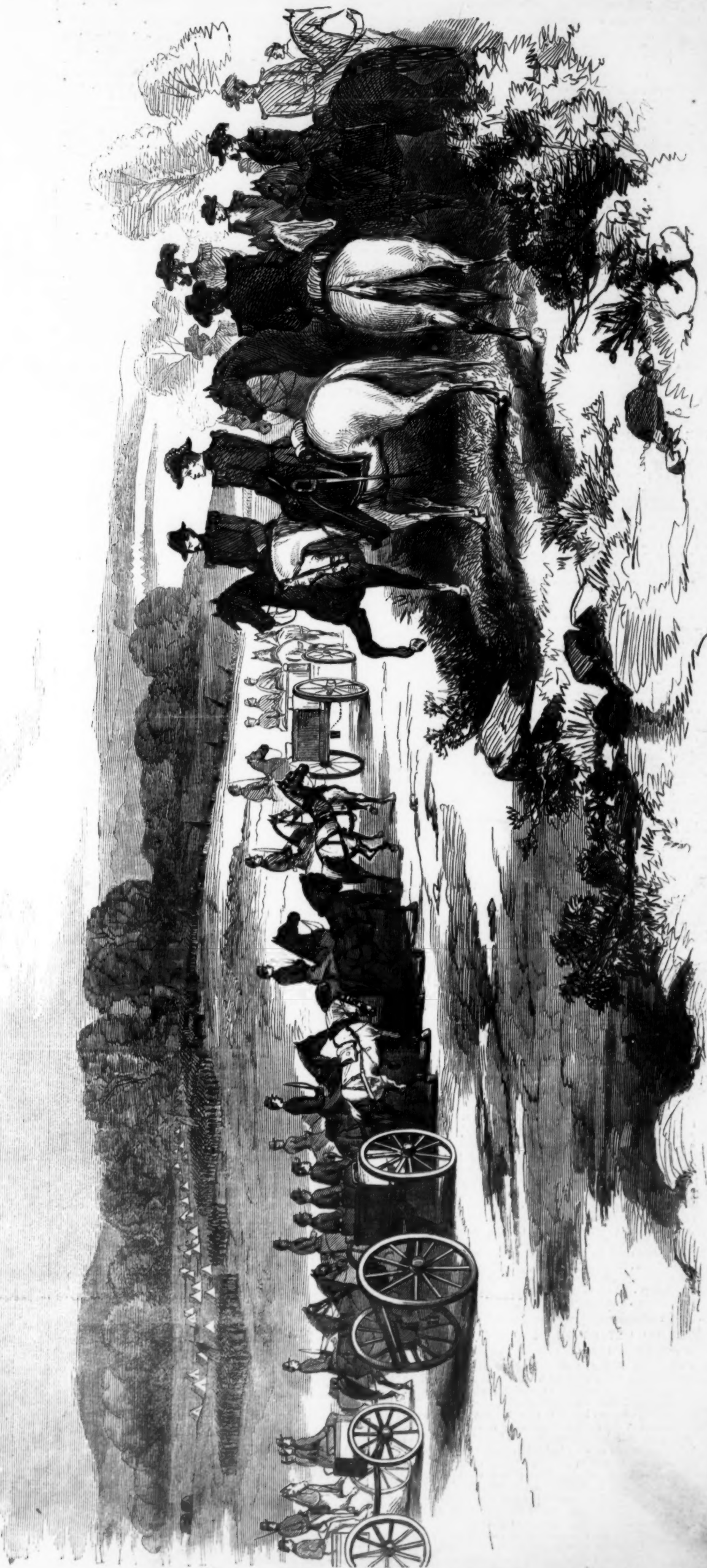
YE LIVE UNITED OR DIVIDED DIE!"



GENERAL VIEW OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK, NORTH CAROLINA, CAPTURED ON THE 29TH OF AUGUST, 1861, BY THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES UNDER THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE STRINGHAM

Fort Clark

AND MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—FROM A SKETCH BY — KAUTMAN, ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 284.



GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND, BY MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 284.

AFTER THE FIGHT AT MANASSAS.

By Sarah Helen Whitman.

By the great bells swinging slow
The solemn dirges of our woe,
By the heavy flags that fall
Trailing from the battered wall,
Miserere, Domine!

By our country's common blame,
By our silent years of shame,
By our curbed and bated breath
Under dynasties of Death,
Miserere, Domine!

By the sin we dared disown
Till its "dragon teeth" were sown,
By the cause yet unavowed,
By the fire behind the cloud,
Miserere, Domine!

By our northern host betrayed,
At Manassas' bloody raid,
By our losses unnumbered—
Our dead heroes, heart-enthroned,
Miserere, Domine!

For Rhode Island's gallant stand—
Her "unconquerable band"—
For the dear, familiar names,
Now linked to old, historic fames;
Te laudamus, Domine!

For our boys that knew not fear,
For their "gallant brigadier,"
For their leader, brave and young,
For their praise on every tongue,
Te laudamus, Domine!

By the hope that suffers long
And grows through holy sorrow strong,
By all the stars that unfurled,
For the last war of the world,
Gives us, oh God, the victory!—*Providence Journal.*

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HATTERAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post*, an officer of the frigate *Wabash*, gives a graphic description of the attack on Forts Clark and Hatteras, and their surrender. His account of the second day's bombardment is very spirited:

"In the morning at early daylight we were again astir. Again we led the attack, and fired the first gun upon the fort at a long range. A large fleet of midget craft were in the Sound and began to move about unceasingly. The range was fully two miles—just the range of the fifteen-second rule. The immense shells could be traced away in air, and falling plunging into the fort would create fearful havoc as they exploded. Houses were torn to the ground; the embrasures were knocked out of all recognition. A legion of fiends could not have withstood such a storm of shells, much less the necessary raw artillerymen who occupied the fort.

"It was a dead certainty—no escape—nothing but a surrender was left for them. At about seven bells in the forenoon a man stationed aloft shouted out that the enemy were deserting the fort and taking to the boats. A large fleet of midget craft were in the Sound and began to move about unceasingly. At the same time, with our glasses, we perceived a man rush upon the ramparts with the Secession flag, wave it frantically, and then toss it over the parapet, and then he ducked into the bombproof to escape a shell. Then, after the explosion, he rushed up, ran along the parapet with a staff in his hand, stuck it in the ground, and from it was displayed a white flag, and the surrender was announced. Closer upon closer from the vessels. 'Cease firing!' passed from ship to ship, and to us a bloodless victory was again the result of a forty-eight hours' bombardment.

"Commodore Barron refused to surrender to the troops, but expressed his desire to deliver his sword to Commodore Ringham. He was, together with Major Andrews, put on board the *Cadwalader*, and taken on board the flagship, where he formally surrendered to his old friend and former brother officer. He says that the fire upon him was terrific. His magazine was on fire twice. The bursting of the shells completely demoralized his men, who fled whenever the smoke puffed from our guns. For the last hour and a half the shells burst constantly in the centre of the fort—sometimes three at a time. His best gun—a large rifled gun—was dismounted and rendered unserviceable by a shell striking it, and blowing the carriage into splinters.

"The casualties in the fort and water battery are as follows, according to the accounts which reach us: killed, 49; wounded, 51. Most of the wounded and killed during the first day's bombardment were sent in the night to Newbern and Washington.

"The fort, called by the rebels Fort Hatteras, was intended to be an effective one, and if it had been completed would have bid us defiance with some show of success. Within its walls and ready to be mounted were 21 guns of the heaviest calibre; three of them were heavy rifled pieces. They have evidently been lately received, and were in various stages of preparation for service.

"After the formal surrender, General Butler went on shore to arrange the terms of evacuation. Before sundown our troops were in full possession, our flag was saluted by the enemy's own guns, and the prisoners were transferred to the *Peabody*.

"I cannot express to you how earnestly we all hope the Government will not abandon a place which is of such vast importance to us. It is the key of the State of North Carolina, and to the ports north and south of this. There is direct water communication with Norfolk by bay craft. Captain Barron only arrived the morning of the second day, by steamer from that city. It makes in our hands almost a complete blockade of our North Carolina coast by itself. It will afford a harbor and coal depot for our small steamers during the winter months. With the possession of this port we can easily keep slight Hatteras light-house, and maintain the various light-boats and stations removed by the rebels. These things will make known, more than all else besides, that the Government is at last doing something towards the final resumption of its authority. As a basis for a line of operations no place could be more suitable or advantageous. We should keep and hold this place at all hazards."

THE GUNBOATS AT CAIRO.

SEVERAL gunboats have been built for service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which promise to be of great efficiency. They are all of the same model and arrangement.

Names.	Length.	Beam.
Conestoga.....	200 feet.....	30 feet
A. O. Tyler.....	183 feet.....	40 feet
Lexington.....	183 feet.....	40 feet

They draw but 4½ feet of water. Their armament is 10 guns each, 32 and 64 pounders, and each has 180 men. Their boilers are sunk in the hulls; bulwarks built of 6 inch oak plank; and the hull of each divided into 24 watertight compartments. They are not intended to engage batteries, but to cover the landing of troops, do scouting service on the river, maintain blockades, etc. The flotilla is under the command of Captain John Rogers, U. S. N. (son of Commodore Rogers), who has been in the service all his life, supported by Lieut. Phelps, in command of the *Conestoga*, and Lieut. Stembel in command of the *Tyler*. The sailing masters are Capt. Duble, of the *Conestoga*; Capt. Shaw, of the *Tyler*; and Capt. Hurl, of the *Lexington*—all old and experienced river captains.

HOUSE OF DETENTION IN WASHINGTON

For Women under Arrest for Treason.

THE house which the Federal authorities have assigned for the females, whose active complicity with the rebels has compelled the Government to place them under restraint, is pleasantly situated at the corner of K and 16th streets, Washington. It was the residence of Mrs. Greenhow, but it is now her prison, since she is considered as one of the most malignant of Secessionists. In addition to its once fair hostess, there are Mrs. Phillips, whose husband is the gentleman alluded to by Mr. Russell of the *London Times*, as sorting letters in the Post Office to send to his Secession friends—her daughters, Fanny and Caroline, Mrs. Hetzel, widow of the late Captain Hetzel of the U. S. A., Mrs. Hoessler, and two others whose names are not given. With his usual gallantry, Mr. Lincoln has merely deprived them of their visitors, correspondence and all egress to their friends. The extent to which females have been used by the rebels is almost incredible—indeed, it would seem as though the Southern Conspirators had degraded the sanctity of the sex by converting them into spies, intrigantes and traitors.

UNION CAVALRY RECONNOITREING NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND.

THERE are few sights more picturesque than a detachment of cavalry winding along the road to some quiet little village. Nature and man seem then so little in harmony, that the contradiction becomes strikingly attractive. Our present number contains a scene of this kind—a detachment of Union cavalry, sent by order of General Banks, reconnoitring in the neighborhood of Hyattstown, a post village of Montgomery county, Maryland, and situated on Bennett's Creek, about 36 miles to the north-west of Washington. Thanks to the vigilance of General Banks, there are very few open Secessionists in that neighborhood now.

COLONEL ALFRED M. WOOD,

Of the Brooklyn Chasseurs, or 14th Regiment New York State Militia.

THIS gallant officer—who is now a prisoner in Richmond, having been captured at Bull Run—was born in the township of Hempstead, Long Island, about the year 1825. About eight years ago he joined the 14th Regiment, and in 1854 was elected Major. In 1856 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and two years afterwards he became Colonel. For six years he occupied the responsible position of Collector of Taxes and Assessments for Kings County, and in 1859 was elected Alderman of the First Ward of Brooklyn by a large majority. The Board of Aldermen paid him the compliment of making him their President. When the Government called for troops to suppress the rebellion, Colonel Wood led his gallant men to defend the capital. At the untoward battle of Bull Run he was taken prisoner, and forwarded by the rebels to Richmond, where he still remains. He has a great taste for agriculture, and owns a farm of 70 acres in Queens county, Long Island, which he has made one of the model farms of that island. He has a wife and family.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

For a full fortnight before the ship *Alliance* sailed from Halifax, the telegraph from that place announced that the captain, a Charlestonian, openly boasted that he intended to break the blockade, and run his cargo into Beaufort. He kept his promise, and a quantity of goods highly necessary has been delivered to the rebels. We had hoped the ostentation of the challenge would have tempted the naval authorities to have watched the *Alliance*. This also leads us to inquire how far the authorities of Halifax are carrying out the Queen's Proclamation of strict neutrality. The vessel was cleared for Cuba, but every one in Halifax knew she was intended for either Charleston or Beaufort. What was our consul about? Would it not be well to administer the oath of allegiance to him?

At one of the Saratoga hops, this season, a stray Secessionist, from the Sunny South, wore a small Secession flag on her breast with the motto, "Shall we not protect our Cotton?"

MUCH sympathy was excited for one of the treasonable persons who, when taken to Fort Lafayette, had coal black hair and whiskers which in a few days became almost white. Remorse was believed to be the cause, but he explained that it was only deprivation of his accustomed hair dye.

THE *Harford Courier* suggests that if Ben McCullough is not dead, his proclamation shows that he is lying still.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN lately took three German officers from Gen. Bleeker's staff, and giving to each the promotion of a grade, attached them to his own staff. He did this, as he said, to show that the foreign and the native born had equal rights, as well as duties, in the suppression of this rebellion, and that the adopted citizens, so far as he was concerned, should share with the native born in the honors as well as the dangers of battling for the Republic.

MR. HAMILTON, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to the Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has been invited by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, to visit Boston. In accepting the invitation, the Prince takes occasion to say: "For a long time I have cherished for America a profound sympathy, inspired by its grandeur and by its liberal institutions; and the cordial reception which I now meet, from so many of its most noble inhabitants, will leave in my heart a touching and enduring remembrance."

THE Italian Government has entered into a contract with Messrs. W. H. Webb & Co., shipbuilders of New York, for the construction of two iron-clad frigates. The price is about \$1,350,000. Of the two plans, English and French, as represented by the *Gloire* and the *Warrior*, the preference has been given to the French system. The ships are to be finished, at the contractor's risk, in two and a half years.

UPWARDS of 3,000,000 rations for the army of the Potomac are now stored in the rice-vine depots at Washington. Some idea of the bulk of these rations may be formed, when we state that there are 18,000 barrels of flour, 9,000 barrels of beef, 3,000 barrels of pork, 600,000 pounds of coffee, 100,000 pounds of sugar, and 1,500,000 pounds of bread, with hominy, crackers, vinegar, candles, soap and salt in proportion. An army of 250,000 men will consume all these rations in twelve days.

THE Cape Florida lighthouse has been blown up by the rebels, who have shown the spirit of Vandals in destroying these guides to commerce on the southern coast, built, not for the benefit of the North alone, but of the whole world.

THE Union forces near Alexandria, Va., recently found six brass six pounders, buried in the ground there, a short distance from the railroad station. They were taken to Fort Ellsworth.

In Utah the saints have undertaken the growing of cotton, and a considerable crop has been produced in Iron county, where a factory is in course of construction.

A MILLION of dollars have been placed in the hands of the Barings of London, subject to the drafts of our Ministers abroad, for the purchase of arms.

MARTIAL RIGOR.—The severities of military discipline are being rigidly enforced in Washington. We may regret the necessity which calls for their exercise, but the efficiency of the army, upon whose success hangs the fate of a great nation, is a consideration superior to all others. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* states that "about thirty volunteer soldiers" have been sentenced to be shot by the General Court Martial lately convened at Alexandria. This is probably a mistake; at any rate, but one sentence of death has been pronounced. It concerns the *Union* of Company H, Third Vermont Regiment, to be shot for sleeping on his post. This sentence has been very properly revoked, as we have commented on in another part. Lieutenant Colonel Francis B. O'Keefe, of the Fifteenth New York Regiment, found guilty of drunkenness on three specifications, and of absence from his regiment without leave, has been cashiered and dismissed from the service.

THE SABBATH.—Major-General McClellan has issued the following general order concerning the observance of the Sabbath, by the army in and around Washington:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1861.

The Major General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commanded to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the Holy Day of the God of Mercy and of our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Times* states that Fremont's proclamation has had the effect of deepening the dislike of our soldiers to the task of catching and returning runaway negroes. He says: "In one of the camps, two days since, a Virginian came the second time for a runaway, who was concealed by the boys. They had just had a supply of new shoes, and were making a change when the man arrived. They ordered him out of the camp, but as he was reluctant to go, one threw his old shoes at him, and the movement was followed up by the rest of the soldiers, and he beat a hasty retreat amid a fire of leather in the rear, and cries of 'Get out, you nigger thief!'"

THE remains of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon were committed to their final resting-place in his native town of Eastford, Conn., on the 5th inst. Not less than 20,000 people witnessed the ceremonies. Hon. Galusha A. Grover delivered the oration, and addresses were made by Gov. Buckingham, Ex-Governor Cleveland, Governor Sprague, Judge Carpenter, Judge Colt, of Missouri, and others.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Memphis *Argus* of August 24th publishes the following proclamation from the Mayor of that unhappy city:

"TO THE CITIZENS OF MEMPHIS.—Applications have repeatedly been made to me, as executive officer of the city, for protection against indiscreet parties who are sent out to impress citizens into service against their will on steamboats. Many of these men have been dragged from their beds, wives and children, but never has there been a man taken who had on a clean shirt. I hereby soify any citizen who may wish a pass within the city of Memphis to call on me, and I will furnish the same, and will see he will be protected. One poor man being shot yesterday by one of these outlaws, as they may be called, causes me to give the above notice.

"August 24, 1861. JOHN PARK, Mayor."

This confirms, albeit in atrocious English, the truth of the statement that the disunionists have been impressing men into their service.

THE *Richmond Whig* states that "the fortifications erected around the city are of the most complete and formidable character, and, in connection with the masked batteries and mines at various points, would render the march of a hostile army hitherward an undertaking of great peril. One in a hundred might survive to depict the wiping out which these extensive works would certainly accomplish. A few bastions are yet unfinished, and upon these a force of several hundred men are now engaged."

GALVESTON, in Texas, got incidentally bombarded on the 3d of August. The batteries of the place opened a fire upon one of the Federal steam-tenders at day-dawn, which was spiritedly returned. Commander Alden, of the blockading steamer *South Carolina*, waited for explanations or apologies till four o'clock in the afternoon. He then stood for the batteries, which again opened on him. After returning fifteen shots, the Commander, apprehensive that he would harm the innocent people of the town more than the rebels in the batteries, withdrew. The *South Carolina* was not struck. The foreign Consul, headed, of course, by the English Consul, got up a protest, expressing their astonishment at and abhorrence of Commander Alden's inhumanity and violation of the laws of civilized warfare.

THE *Mobile Register* says that Gen. Braxton Bragg has been transferred from Pensacola to the Fort Marion, and is succeeded in command by brigadier General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina.

THE *Mobile Tribune* of the 2d states that while men were employed in getting the dry dock ready to be raised at Pensacola, they were fired on from Fort Pickens—first a blank shot, then a solid shot, and then a shell. The last came near doing damage, and the men accordingly left specially. The *Tribune* indignantly demands, "Is not this outrageous act, war?" It is certainly something like it.

THE *Mobile News* gives a brief summary of a new revenue act of the Southern Congress. It says: "The Secretary of the Treasury, under special condition, is authorized to issue not exceeding \$100,000,000 in Treasury notes. The act also provides for a tax of fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of real estate, slaves, merchandise, bank and other stock, money at interest (excepting Confederate bonds). It also taxes at the same rate cash on hand, cattle, gold watches, gold and silver plate, pianos, pleasure carriages, &c. Any family whose property is less than \$500 is exempt from taxation. Colleges, schools and charitable institutions are also exempt. Said notes are to be funded in bonds, running for twenty years. Each State will constitute a tax division, under a chief collector, who will have superintendence of the collection operation."

THE army correspondent of the *Louisville Courier* (a Secession journal), writes from Manassas, under date of August 23d, as follows: "We still linger in possession of our dearly bought position, our forces occupying at present no more advanced lines than before the 21st of July. Aside from the moral effect upon the whole world, and that is momentous, our immortal victory has availed us but little. We barely hold our own."

THE rebels have been most anxious to rid themselves of the imputation of having resorted to a system of rigorous impressment, and have repeatedly denied the fact. They are condemned out of the mouths of their own witnesses. The *Memphis Appeal* says: "In many cases acts of barbarity have been perpetrated, and not unfrequently farmers who were in the city on business have been seized, as well as heads of families, whose wives and children depend entirely upon them for support."

CAPITALISTS of New York, who own property in Virginia, have received official notice from the county clerks of the respective counties, that unless they acknowledge the sovereignty of the Southern Confederacy their houses and lands will be confiscated.

THE *Charleston (S. C.) Mercury* announces the passage of the following resolutions by a Vigilance Committee of that city:

"Resolved, That this Committee considers it highly inexpedient and impolitic for persons resident at the South to visit the free States of the Federal Government and return to our midst, and especially so we condemn visits of the same person."

"Resolved, therefore, That in future any resident of Charleston and its vicinity who shall go to any of the Northern States, unless with previous knowledge and consent of the Committee, shall not be permitted to return to our community under pain of such disabilities or punishment as the law may decree."

MR. ABERNATHY, a captain in the 19th Mississippi regiment, writing from Manassas, under date of August 24th, to the *Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal*, draws a sad picture of the sickness in the rebel army. He says: "Since we pitched our camp here gloom and sorrow have saddened the countenances of all, owing to the distressing fact that disease and death have prevailed all among us. Our exposed condition during our camp on Bull Run, and the want of proper food and water, was a serious blow to this regiment and to all the troops that were likewise unfortunate. In proof of this I will mention that out of 4,700 in the brigade only 2,300 reported for duty on the 20th inst., and companies that before ordinarily turned out on drill and parade from 65 to 90 men do from Alabama now more than eight and ten files per day. The hardships and suffering consequent upon the movement of General Johnston's division of the army, which resulted in such glorious success to our cause at Manassas, has, I dare say, prostrated fully one-third of his force. Nearly every day the sound of musketry proclaims the death of some Southern hero who has fallen a victim to disease in camp, and over whose grave blank cartridges are fired as the last military honor paid to the dead."

JEFF DAVIS, in announcing the "dearly bought" victory of Bull Run to the papers of Richmond, stated that the rebels captured "supplies for 50,000 men for 12 months." The following paragraph, in a late Richmond letter to the *Charleston Mercury*, is a severe comment on Davis's statement: "There is universal complaint made of the want of efficiency in the Commissariat Department. It was felt severely and immediately after the battle of Manassas. Our brave troops, particularly the sick and wounded, suffered greatly. Some of the troops were without provisions from Sunday's breakfast until Tuesday after the battle. Since then it has occurred more than once that many have been without food for twenty-four hours. Great indignation is felt throughout the army and in Richmond on account of this outrageous and unendurable inefficiency. The efficiency of the army is impaired and even its movements retarded through the want of supplies. I learn it has been, and is, a matter of bitter complaint and earnest remonstrance by the commanding Generals. And not only is there a want of sufficient quantity, but the provisions are not good—are, in fact, positively unwholesome. It is not only so at the camps in Fairfax county, where the army is large, but also in other camps. A great deal of sickness is the natural consequence. One regiment near Aquia Creek has lost 60 men, and another 30."

THE *Nashville Banner* has the following notice of the Confederate Treasury notes: "Financially speaking, there is not a will no doubt to be found preferable to much of our present paper currency; but, mechanically viewed, they are the most unmitigated batch we have ever seen. They are lithographed upon an inferior grade of white paper, and the work is executed in the lowest style of the art. A common letter press printer would be ashamed to turn out such a job. They will do more compare with the corporation and railroad bonds executed at the printing offices in this city than a satisfactory hyphen. We hope the Treasury Department will improve upon this job."

FIVE negroes, at the instigation of two white men, murdered Mr. Gibson, an overseer in Monroe county, Ala., on the 24th ult. They were tried before Judge Lynch, who rendered a verdict of burning at the stake, which was put into execution.

OWING to the pressure of the times, says the *Charleston Mercury*, and the general stagnation of business, the *Yorkville Enquirer*, one of the largest and most thriving district papers in the State, has been reduced down to half a sheet. The *Orangeburg Southron* has also been cut down to about half its recent size. A number of other district papers have been indefinitely suspended.

THE report of the managers of the St. Charles Hospital, in Richmond, shows that they have received into that establishment since the 1st of August the following number of sick and wounded soldiers:

From South Carolina.....	487
From Georgia.....	229
From Mississippi.....	103
From Virginia.....	155
From Louisiana.....	57
From Alabama.....	98
From North Carolina.....	53
From Tennessee.....	52
From Florida.....	69
From Kentucky.....	59
From Texas.....	4
Total.....	1,336

GEN. WRIGHTMAN, of Ben. McCullough's army, who was killed at Williams Creek, was formerly a Major in the U. S. army. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war, after which he was appointed Paymaster. He was an Englishman by birth, but came to this country at a very early age.

THE *Charleston Mercury*, of August 20, says that Isaac V. Fowler, the defaulting New York Postmaster, is pleasantly located at the city of Tepic, in Mexico, about fifty miles from the Pacific, and employed as the chief agent of the Messrs. Barron, Forbes & Co., the wealthy bankers and manufacturers. Both principals are now in Europe, and Mr. Fowler has entire charge of their affairs.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE—Very few people are aware that, in spite of all the changes which have taken place in France during the last 80 years, there actually exists, in one corner of the Empire, a diminutive republic founded 1,003 years ago! The statement is proved by the French Budget recently published, in which figures a tribute paid to the Treasury by the Republic of Andorre, in virtue of a treaty concluded under Louis I. (Louis le Debonnaire) about the year 826, by which the inhabitants of Andorre, recognizing the suzerainty as France, agreed to pay 905 livres (francs) per annum for the privilege of exporting some of their products. This tribute was expressed as the commutation of the Ration of 1789, but was abolished in 1806, at the request of the Andorrans themselves. The Republic of Andorre is composed of two valleys of the Pyrenees, between Foix and Urgel. It is still governed by a constitution and laws, which have never been changed since the days of Charlemagne. The Government is composed of a Sovereign Council of twenty-four members elected by the parishes. This Council holds five annual sessions. It chooses a syndic, or presiding officer, who retains office for life or during good behavior. The capital of this peaceful little state, by whose example greater Republics might profit, is called Andorre, and has a population of 2,000 souls. The total population of the Republic is 15,000.



A RECONNOITRING DETACHMENT OF GENERAL BANKS'S CAVALRY—HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND, IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 282

FORT HATTERAS, NORTH CAROLINA.

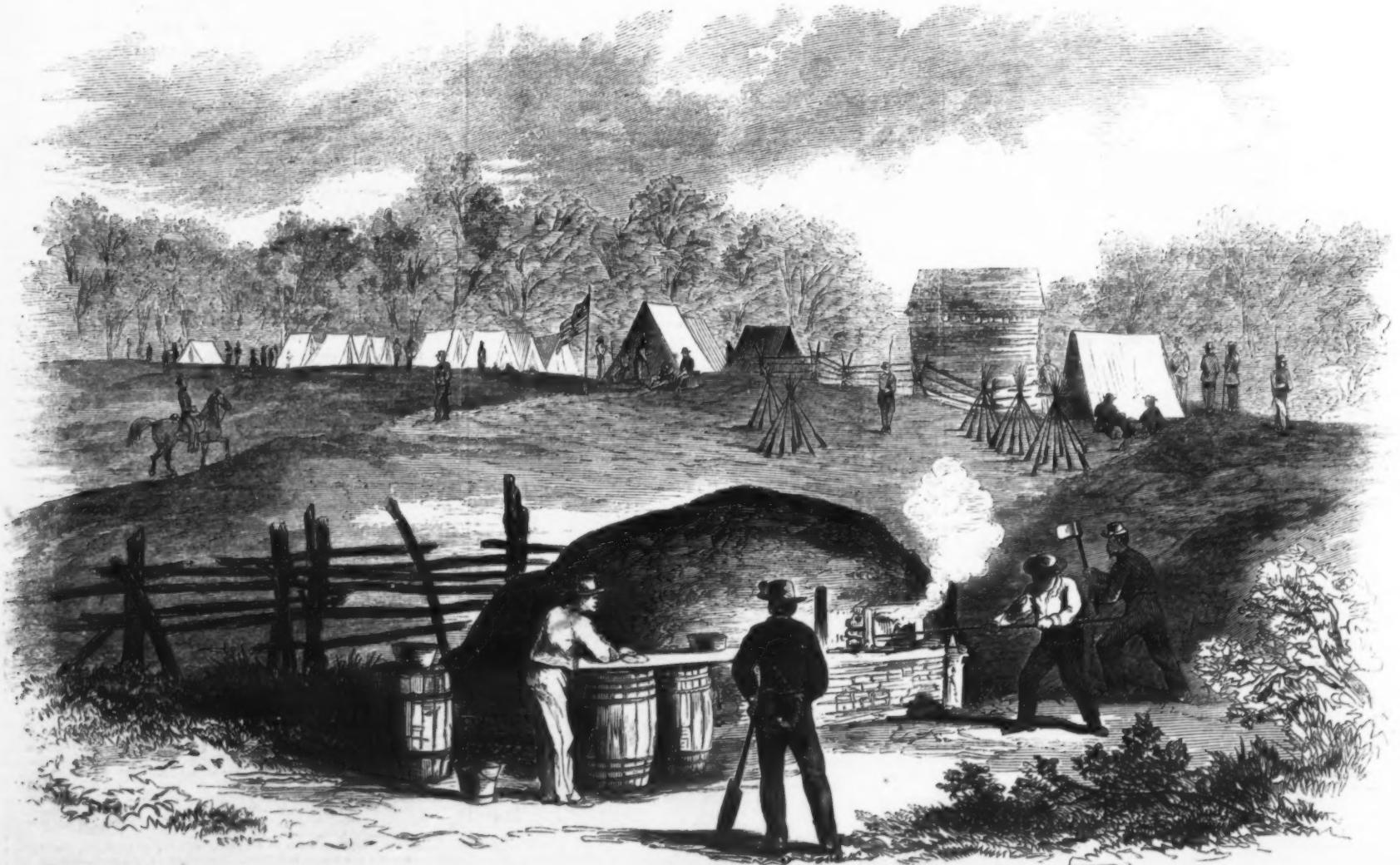
In the second edition of our last number we published a sketch by Mr. Kaufman, of Max Weber's regiment, representing the bombardment of Fort Hatteras. We now present our readers with one of the Fort, taken since it has been in the possession of the Union troops. We have given so full a description of the Fort, that we have now only to add a few facts. Our map last week has made the public familiar with its location, which is on the inner side of the north-western bank of Hatteras Inlet, commanding the approaches from Pamlico Sound, and, in conjunction with Fort Clark, from the Atlantic. Since it has been in our possession we have made it much stronger by additional works, more guns, and an entire alteration of plan. More we are not at liberty to add. The strip of sand on which it is built varies in width from about 800 yards to about a mile and a half, and is spotted here and there with a kind of scrub oak, which at first

were considered masked batteries. Our correspondent informs us that "the mosquitoes are something worse than rebels, and much harder to beat, for they stand their ground manfully, and have drawn more blood than their Southern fellow-creatures, the Secessionists."

Fort Clark, where the Ninth regiment, under Colonel Hawkins, is stationed, is about 700 yards to the north of Fort Hatteras, and is also materially strengthened since the 29th of August. With the vessels of war anchored in the offing, and inside the Inlet, all attempts to recapture either of these forts would be abortive in the present condition of the Confederate Navy. Since they have been in our hands nearly a thousand of the North Carolinians have come forward and taken the oath of allegiance; and the fact that the rebels have abandoned Fort Morgan on Ocracoke Inlet, about ten miles to the south, is evidence how little the Confederates rely on the adherence of North Carolina.

GENERAL BANKS REVIEWING GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE, NEAR SANDY HOOK.

Our Artist, now with Major-General Banks's staff, was present, a few days ago, at a very interesting review, near Sandy Hook, Maryland, the headquarters of General Banks. We are not justified in giving the full particulars in the present juncture of affairs, and consequently only add that the admirable manner in which General Thomas's brigade acquitted itself drew forth from General Banks the highest encomiums. It was a beautiful and striking scene—the thundering tramp of the artillery as it rattled past the General and his staff, while the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance formed a background at once massive and grand. Although General Banks has seen no active service, he has in him all the qualities which make a great soldier. It was a deep misfortune to the country that he did not assume his present position three months earlier.

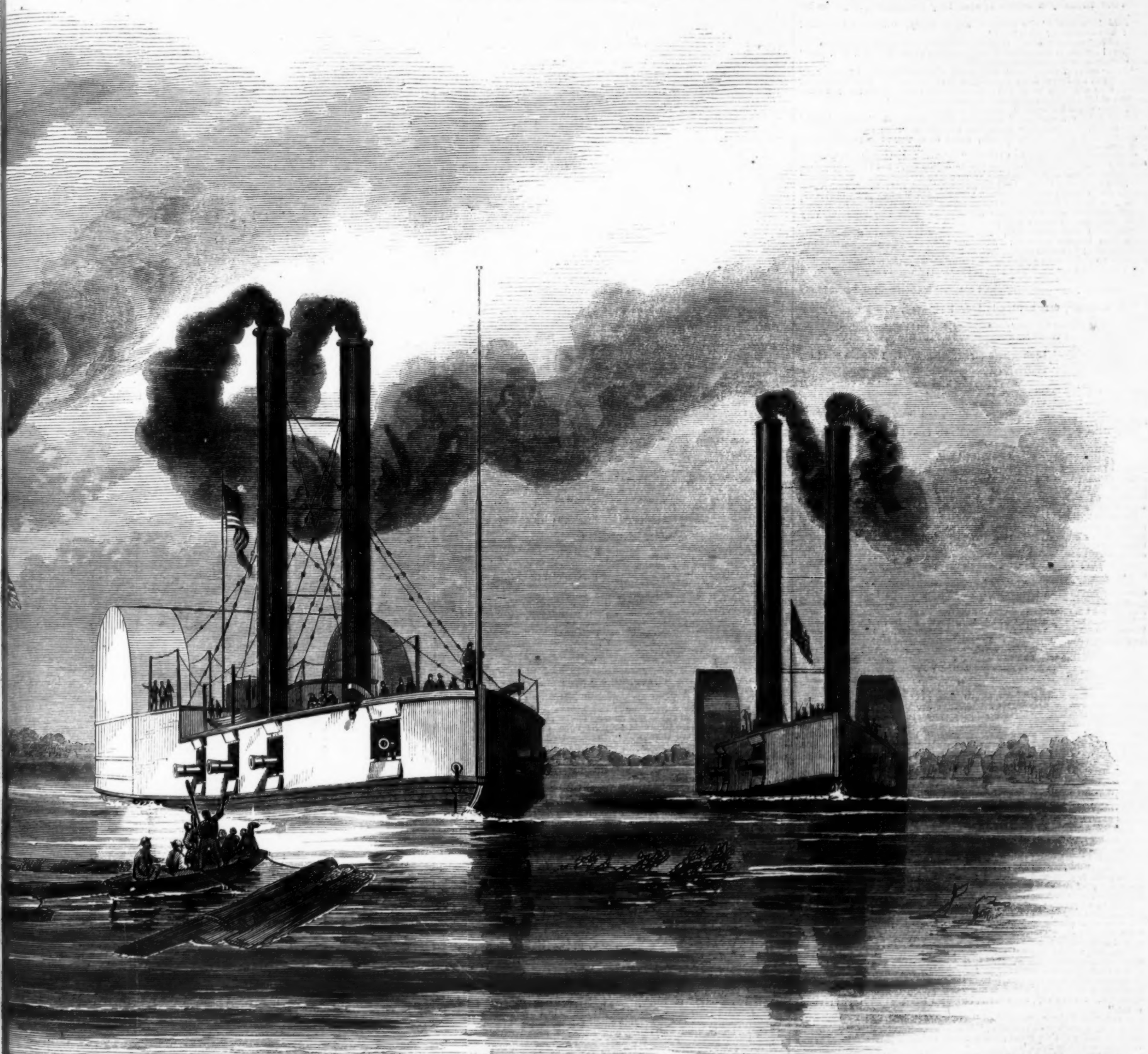


"FRESH BREAD!"—IMPROMPTU OVEN BUILT BY THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, IN GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 278.

for you, my lord, and Lady Kingswood, and my dear cousin Cyril, I hope and I pray that it may be for myself, the prospect only looks gloomier than ever." "Why so, Maud?" he asked, regarding her with grave, almost stern attention. "Because, my lord," she answered, "I presume your views respecting the disposal of my hand undergone no change." "They have not, Maud," he replied emphatically. "They have mine, my lord," she returned, with equal firmness. "I started, and thought of Erie, and he bit his lip. Could there be method, after all, in Philip's madness? He fastened his eyes upon her face to see if he could read there any clue to the of Philip's assertion; but he saw that it was pale and transparently white. He noticed, however, her eyes were fixed upon some object resting upon his library table, and he followed their vision with his own. "He was looking at a key—a large, old-fashioned, time-blackened key—the key of the chamber in the eastern wing. "Why do you so steadfastly regard that key?" he interrogated, sharply. "Do you know it?" "I do not," she said, laconically. "It is a key," said Lord Kingswood, musingly, "of a statement which has been made to me, so preposterous, so wholly incredible, that I do not, I confess, award it scarcely a particle of my attention. I am anxious that Lady Kingswood should know that I am here. I am very desirous of some conversation with her. You will please to say, Lady Maud, I must confer with her. I have to impart is of the greatest import to her and to myself. I shall, therefore, be glad if you would name the earliest moment for me to attend her. Impress upon her ladyship that I can make no excuse, attend to no denial. Your ladyship will be good enough to seek Lady Kingswood out, and bring to me an answer at the earliest possible moment."

Lady Maud in silence obeyed him and proceeded to Lady Kingswood's chamber her vision painful to both, and little likely to end in a solution satisfactory to either. I bring you a message—" "My dear Maud, you erroneously interpret my words," interposed Eady Kingswood. "I do not deny that what I am about to say will necessarily have some bearing upon the subject of our last conversation, but it will take an entirely new form altogether, and, perhaps, will have as little effect, because it will come to you in the shape of advice." Lady Kingswood paused for a moment, for her voice faltered at the last word. Lady Maud did not speak, but the word "advice" had a strange, unpleasant sound in her ear. Presently Lady Kingswood said, "Maud, you have a heart young, guileless, pure, innocent and unsullied. You have been, fortunately, less surrounded by the frivolities of your station than many of your sex moving in the same sphere. You have been spared, therefore, the temptations which accompany flattery, attentions, low-breathed words, fascinating glances and personal devotion of individuals of your own age, but of the opposite sex. I say temptations, because it is pleasing to poor human nature to create a sensation; especially is it attractive to woman's nature. She hears with inward delight that she has fascinated many, and beholds with silent exultation the homage paid to her by some whose court is held by the vain and self-loving to be highly flattering, when it should be deemed humiliating. Having once permitted herself to become intoxicated by adulation and by admiration, she looks for these servile compliments from every fresh introduction, and if they are not at once accorded, she tries to secure them by miserable artifices derogatory to her self-respect. Bewitched to one, she seeks to command the worship of a host; she ceases, eventually, to care for any one human being, even him to whom she may be united by the

ties too exacting to make. If it would be joy to live for him, so would it be to die for him, did his happiness or his honor need it. This is woman's love. You have already told me, Maud, that you love. Do you, in my description, find an illustration of your own?" "I do—I do, Lady Kingswood, in very earnest truth I do," cried Lady Maud, excitedly. "If I am young, if my youthful hopes and aspirations are susceptible of being deceived, I am not deceived in that I love. Cheerfully, Lady Kingswood, will I part with home, name, rank, wealth, all for him. I have no reserve—I have not known parents to love. I have ever felt a tender attachment for you, dear Lady Kingswood, but where my heart is bestowed there rests my life. My deep attachment rests not in what he has said to me, in the way he has acted to me, in the service he has rendered me, in the tenderness he may have professed for me. It is not that he is handsome in person, noble in mind, generous in thought, and spotless in his honor that I love him. I have seen these qualities in others without being affected by them; in him they are attributes which add to the force of my affection. But, oh, Lady Kingswood, is it wrong of me to say—that—that—if he possessed none of these high qualifications, I should still love him?" "He would never have won your love without them, Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood. "Yet—yet—" "Lady Maud's hand trembled on her shoulder, as she murmured, "Oh, Lady Kingswood, do I not love? I am not deceived—I am not deceived. I have no other thought—no other hope than what is centred in him, and if I live not now, then shall I never love!" "I fear, Lady Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood with a shudder, "it is even as you say. You have surrendered your maiden love—it is lost irrevocably—" "Not lost! Oh, no, Lady Kingswood," interposed Lady Maud—"given



COMMAND OF CAPTAIN JOHN ROGERS, U. S. N.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 282.

ed by the phantom of a large antique key, which she would have given worlds, if hers, to have had in her possession for one solitary hour. "Why so, Maud?" he asked, regarding her with grave, almost stern attention. "Because, my lord," she answered, "I presume your views respecting the disposal of my hand undergone no change." "They have not, Maud," he replied emphatically. "They have mine, my lord," she returned, with equal firmness. "I started, and thought of Erie, and he bit his lip. Could there be method, after all, in Philip's madness? He fastened his eyes upon her face to see if he could read there any clue to the of Philip's assertion; but he saw that it was pale and transparently white. He noticed, however, her eyes were fixed upon some object resting upon his library table, and he followed their vision with his own. "He was looking at a key—a large, old-fashioned, time-blackened key—the key of the chamber in the eastern wing. "Why do you so steadfastly regard that key?" he interrogated, sharply. "Do you know it?" "I do not," she said, laconically. "It is a key," said Lord Kingswood, musingly, "of a statement which has been made to me, so preposterous, so wholly incredible, that I do not, I confess, award it scarcely a particle of my attention. I am anxious that Lady Kingswood should know that I am here. I am very desirous of some conversation with her. You will please to say, Lady Maud, I must confer with her. I have to impart is of the greatest import to her and to myself. I shall, therefore, be glad if you would name the earliest moment for me to attend her. Impress upon her ladyship that I can make no excuse, attend to no denial. Your ladyship will be good enough to seek Lady Kingswood out, and bring to me an answer at the earliest possible moment."

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loving, and tender of your happiness, no devotion, no services of affection, no thoughtfulness to secure his earthly felicity, no constancy of ministration to his comfort and to his joys which you can bestow upon him, can overpay his deserts. Be sure, too, that all your religious efforts to secure his happiness will end in the accomplishment of your own."

Lady Kingswood sank into a seat, as if exhausted by her efforts to converse as much as by her emotions.

Poor Lady Maud was much affected by Lady Kingswood's concluding words. Presently Lady Kingswood lifted up her downcast head, and said,

"I am ill, dear Maud, and unable to maintain a conversation further with you. Come to me about this time to-morrow, I will talk with you again."

"I shall send for medical advice for you, Lady Kingswood," asked Lady Maud, hastily.

"No—no," returned Lady Kingswood, in a low, sad tone; "my illness is of the mind, Maud."

"Has anything specially disturbed your mind this morning?" inquired Lady Maud, anxiously.

"No," replied Lady Kingswood. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Philip Avon has been here," she replied, in the same manner. "I thought you might have had an interview with him, and his rudeness—"

"No," replied Lady Kingswood; "I have not seen him, nor have I been informed of his arrival. I do not wish to see him; and if he should inquire for me, you will please give instructions that he be informed I am not well and cannot be disturbed."

"I will do as you wish, Lady Kingswood," answered Lady Maud; "but before I depart, let me remind you that you have made no allusion to my errand to you."

"What errand?" inquired Lady Kingswood, almost listlessly.

"It was a message from Lord Kingswood," returned Lady Maud. She was startled by the manner in which Lady Kingswood sprang from her seat.

"Lord Kingswood?" she repeated, almost wildly. "When did it come? how? who brought it? what is it?"

"Lord Kingswood is here," replied Lady Maud, with an air of surprise. "Here! What, at Kingswood Hall—beneath this roof with me! me! me!" she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis.

"In the name of mercy, Lady Kingswood, what has happened?" cried Lady Maud; "you terrify me when you look in this way at me. Lord Kingswood wishes very anxiously to see you; he requested me to say that he had some matter of the utmost importance to communicate to you."

"I comprehend his lordship's anxiety to see me."

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood," responded Lady Maud, "his lordship begged of me to prevail upon you to grant him an interview; he has something to communicate to you, which, he said, would be calculated to restore you to your native health and spirits."

"Some cunningly-forged lie, no doubt," rejoined Lady Kingswood, bitterly; "some coarsely, speciously-framed tale to delude me. But I have heard too much already, and wish not to have it crowned by his justification of himself."

"I know not what to say, Lady Kingswood," said Lady Maud, with a perplexed air. "Both your ladyship and Lord Kingswood speak to me in riddles. I am at a loss to understand what is meant beyond that Lord Kingswood desires greatly to confer with your ladyship, and your ladyship seems very much indisposed to comply with the request."

"What if I were to see him, he cannot alter the past!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, between her teeth; "he cannot make reparation for a wrong that is irreparable; he cannot expiate that which is unattonable. He may attempt to patch up and mend a broken heart, but he cannot make it whole again."

"Yet would it not be at least kind to hear him?" urged Lady Maud. Lady Kingswood shook her head.

"His lordship said something about asserting his prerogative," added Lady Maud. "He threatens, does he?" said Lady Kingswood, with a contemptuous smile.

Lady Maud clasped her hands appealingly, but said nothing further. Lady Kingswood mused for a minute, and then suddenly, and with a strange emphasis, said,

"Well, Lady Maud, he shall have his prayer granted. I will see him! oh, yes! I will see him!"

"When?" inquired Lady Maud, eagerly.

"To-morrow, Maud, to-morrow; just one hour after you have visited me," she replied, with a peculiar expression. "Say to-morrow—and now leave me. I shall faint if I attempt to carry on this conversation longer."

She warmly, passionately embraced Maud, and then, pointing to the door, sank, sobbing hysterically, into a chair.

Lady Maud, gazing at her sorrowfully, slowly retired from the apartment.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Nervous Lord and Lady Kingswood had spoken to Lady Maud in direct terms of Erle Gower, both had alluded to him; but while the first had promised to recur to the subject again, the latter seemed to have exhausted it and intended to return to it no more—say, she had done more, for she had abandoned all wish to see her united to the odious Philip Avon.

She knew well that Lord Kingswood, incited to address her on the hateful subject of Philip Avon, would first speak of it as a matter settled—would, moved by her hostility, proceed to reason with her, then argue with her, and ultimately conclude by sternly commanding her to fulfil his injunctions. Philip, on the other hand, would sneer at Erle, taunt her, scoff at, insult her. He would defiantly deride her rejection of his hand, and address her as if she were already his.

She therefore addressed a note to Lord Kingswood, in which she pleaded her own weak health as an excuse for not conveying to him Lady Kingswood's answer in person. She then communicated Lady Kingswood's assent to meet him and the time he had appointed for the interview.

Anxious as Lord Kingswood had been to have an interview with Erle after his arrangement with Sir Harris Stunhope and his conference with old Pengreep, he was grievously disconcerted to find him at Kingswood Hall.

He had a strange, almost insuperable repugnance to meet him alone in the ancient chamber in which he had caused him to be confined, and an almost equal unwillingness to put to him a proposition which, if he accepted, would be a surrender of his birthright, beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall.

He did not wholly give up his original intention of seeing and conversing with Erle alone before he despatched him to London; but after some consideration he determined to postpone the interview until the following day.

He fancied that it would have a salutary effect upon the youth to keep him for four and twenty hours at least in solitary confinement. Lord Kingswood believed that, vexed by confinement and neglect, Erle would be tempted to listen to reason—that is, reason from his lordship's point of view. So he decided that he would not seek an interview with him until the following morning.

While deeply abstracted in these ruminations, Lady Maud's maid, Harebell, appeared with the note her young mistress entrusted her to carry to him. She placed it in his lordship's hand, and stood still, close to the library table, while he perused it, as if waiting for a reply.

She, too, fastened her eyes upon a large antique key which lay within reach of her fingers.

Lord Kingswood read the note with seeming satisfaction. A cold, proud smile curled his upper lip as he said to the girl,

"You will present my thanks to Lady Maud St. Clair, and inform her ladyship that the appointment shall be kept."

"If you please, my lord," said Harebell, curtseying. "Benson, the gamekeeper, who is watching the door of the goblin room in the eastern wing, told me to ask your lordship whether the young gentleman who had been put in there is to have anything to eat while he remains?"

"Oh, by all means; certainly," replied Lord Kingswood, quickly. "Let refreshments be served to him at regular intervals."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Harebell, slightly raising her voice, "but Benson says, if the young gentleman is to have dinner served up to him, how is he to take it into the room while the door is locked?"

"Oh, ay, true—I forget," responded Lord Kingswood, taking up the key, which seemed to fascinate Harebell in so strange a manner. "This is the key of the room; give it to Benson," he said, handing it to her. "Tell him that on no account, nor on any plea, is he to permit the inmates of that room to leave it, neither is he to admit within it any other person than himself, on pain of dismissal. Let the key, when the refreshment has been served, be returned to me."

"Yes, may it please you, my lord," exclaimed the girl, taking possession of the key with much avidity, adding, "Benson wants to know, too, if you please, my lord, that when the young gentleman has had his supper will there be any occasion for him to wait?"

Lord Kingswood mused for a minute or so, and then said,

"No—no, it will be unnecessary. Let him be careful, before he retires for the night, that the door is secure; that will be sufficient."

"Thank ye, my lord," responded Harebell, with a sharp, quick curtsy, and she disappeared from the apartment.

Arming himself with a gun, and taking a dog with him, Lord Kingswood quitted Kingswood Hall for the Chase, as if to enjoy an hour's shooting alone, for he would not permit any one to accompany him.

Harebell in the meantime returned to her young mistress, and knocking at her chamber door, begged to be allowed to say a few words to her.

Lady Maud was hardly pleased at the interruption, for, with her burning cheek laid upon her hand, she was trying to contrive some mode of communicating with Erle. She, however, rose up and gave admittance to Harebell.

"What do you wish to say to me, Harebell?" she inquired.

"Why, if you please, my lady, I took your note to Lord Kingswood, and his lordship presents his thanks to your ladyship, and he will keep the appointment," answered Harebell.

"You could have told me that at any time, Harebell," said Lady Maud. "So I could, if you please, my lady," she replied; "but any time would not do for the favor I want to ask of your ladyship."

"Favor, Harebell? What is it?" responded Lady Maud.

"Does your ladyship know Benson—the gamekeeper Benson?" asked Harebell.

"I do—by night," rejoined Lady Maud.

"Well, my lady, it is Benson who has been set to watch the goblin chamber in the eastern wing, where the poor young gentleman is locked in."

"What of Benson, tell me, Harebell?" she exclaimed.

"Why, you see, my lady," answered Harebell, "when I carried your ladyship's note to Lord Kingswood, I don't know how it was, but I lost my way in the corridors and came right upon Benson, who, with a gun resting on the hollow of his arm, was keeping watch outside the door of that horrid ghost-hole. I was like to faint at first with fright, but Benson held me up and

told me not to give way to my feelings, and so I wanted to know what he did there, and to tell me; then I wanted to know who was to give Mr. Erle anything to eat to keep him from starving, and he said he didn't know, he had no orders, and so, my lady, I thought as I went to the library I would ask Lord Kingswood, and say it was Benson who wanted to know what he was to do about it."

"And his lordship's reply?" Quick, quick, my good girl," exclaimed Lady Maud, eagerly.

Harebell held up the antique key, and swung it backwards and forwards by the handle.

"That is his lordship's reply," rejoined Harebell, with dancing eyes and the display of a very even row of white teeth.

A thousand thoughts—a world of wishes—rushed through Lady Maud's brain at sight of that key, but she felt that she dare not ask for it, nor even display any anxiety respecting it. Harebell was not actuated by similar feelings.

"The favor I have to ask of your ladyship is," she continued, still with a peculiar, mischievous shrewdness in her smile, "to permit me to take this key to Benson, and bid him supply Mr. Erle with whatever refreshment he requires."

"Oh—yes—certainly," exclaimed Lady Maud, hesitatingly, distressed to think she could not properly invent a stratagem to communicate herself with Erle without making a confidant of this girl.

As if Harebell read her thoughts in her expressive features, she said,

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Harebell; "but the fact is, all the household like Mr. Erle, and they would do anything for him they could without offending Lord Kingswood. Now, he has been treated cruelly enough already to-day, and somebody therefore ought to treat him with kindness, so I thought that if your ladyship would just write two or three lines to him to ask what refreshment he would like, and when he would wish to have it—it would, my lady, seem to him, lonely and miserable as he must be, that he is not forsaken by all the world."

Why, it was the very stratagem that Lady Maud could not think of until thus put before her very eyes and into her hands.

Her heart was too full to speak, but Harebell's quick glance detected the large tear which had sprung into her eye. She hurried to her desk without a word, and sat down to write.

In a burst of excitement she wrote a few hurried, passionate, loving lines, expressive of the agony his position occasioned her, and breathing a hope that Heaven would permit them to meet once more ere it sundered them for ever.

She would not even read the note after she had written it, but with cheeks of the hue of the carnation, she handed it to Harebell, and bade her hurry with it to its destination.

"Where are you going, pretty little Suky?" exclaimed the spoken-of Benson, "all eyes," as he gazed on her pretty face.

"I want to go into that chamber," she said.

"My orders are to let no one in or out," he said, "and I must obey my orders, even though so pretty a wench as thou bid me say."

"Did you think Mr. Gower was to be suffered to starve here all day?" she exclaimed. "No, gamekeeper, he is not. Lord Kingswood has given the key to me. I am going to ask Mr. Erle what he would like for his dinner, and then I shall carry it to him, and when that is done I am to give the key to you until supper-time. Lord Kingswood's orders are that, while you have the key, you are not to admit a soul into that room, nor to let the inmates of that room depart from it on any pretence whatever. When the bell rings for supper, I shall come again and take the key back to Lord Kingswood, and you may then retire to your bed."

"My bed, wench? what, in your corner, I suppose?" returned the gamekeeper, with a sneer. "I be to watch here all the night."

"Lord Kingswood ordered me to say that a night-watch was unnecessary," rejoined Harebell, emphatically. "So that when I take the key the last thing, you may go your way to your hut in the forest."

A moment more and Harebell passed into the room, where she saw Erle standing leaning upon his elbows on the window-ledge, and looking out thoughtfully into the Chase.

She began talking to him about what kind of refreshment he would like to take, and he rather impatiently disclaimed taking any, but she raised her finger in a cautioning manner, slipped Lady Maud's letter into his hand, and in an undertone asked a message back in reply. He was only too enraptured to have the opportunity of sending one, but there were no writing materials in the room.

He had, however, a pocket-book, and he tore a leaf from it, and was about to write upon it, when Harebell snatched him.

"It is necessary to be very cautious," she whispered. "Be careful what you say, I might lose the paper or it might be taken from me. Don't you think, sir, it would be better if you were to say to the young lady herself all that you wish to write?"

"It would, indeed," exclaimed Erle, with eager anxiety; "but how is an interview to be accomplished?"

"I leave that to you," returned Harebell. "All you have got to do is to write on that bit of paper, and beg Lady Maud to come to you and speak with you, if only for five minutes. I'll do all the rest."

Erle seized her hand and wrung it. Then he wrote in terms of passionate entreaty for Lady Maud to grant him an interview, if only for a few moments, as Harebell had suggested.

He handed the note to the girl, who hastily slipped it down her bosom, and then whispered,

"We shall not be here until after nightfall."

Raising her voice, she requested to know at what hour she should bring him some refreshment, and on replying "a few hours hence," she quitted him, turned the key in the lock, and then handed it to Benson.

She turned abruptly down a flight of steps, for she saw Philip Avon, with a scowling visage, advancing towards the chamber in the eastern wing.

Harebell was prepared to find her young mistress eagerly expecting her. Poor Lady Maud! she was no adept at the art of dissimulation, although she endeavored to accomplish her aim without admitting Harebell to her confidence.

Abstracted, perplexed and distressed, Lady Maud had almost determined to run all risks and confide the real state of her heart to Harebell, when the latter, engaged in repairing some antique lace, said abruptly,

"This old print, my lady, reminds me of the old ancient chamber in which there pines a fair young lord locked in with an old, ancient key. Poor young gentleman, he looked so piteous, and begged so hard to be able to interchange a word with your ladyship, that it was poor I, I don't know how I ever should refuse him."

"I know not how to grant his request," exclaimed Lady Maud, in distressed accents. "The room is locked and guarded, and if Lord Kingswood were to know that I had visited him he would be so very angry with me."

"So, my lady, perhaps he would be if he knew that your ladyship had written to him," rejoined Harebell. "Whatever Lord Kingswood may think and say, there can be no harm in just hearing what Mr. Erle has to communicate to your ladyship."

"But how is it to be arranged?" inquired Lady Maud.

"I relieve your guard," Harebell said. "When Benson goes off duty, I go on. That is to say, my lady, I take the key of the room from Benson, to return it to Lord Kingswood, and between my receiving the key and giving it up to Lord Kingswood, you shall see Mr. Erle."

"Thank you, my good Harebell. I will place my trust in you, and I will go to see Mr. Erle to-night," said Lady Maud.

"It will be course you will, my lady, and happy will he be. Poor gentleman! it will be a blessing to him to hear from you while in that awful, lonely, ghostly, horrid room," rejoined the girl. "Now that I know what we are going to do, now I shall know how to arrange," she added; "and if your ladyship will excuse me, I will make my preparations."

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, daylight had merged into twilight, the green foliage of the trees was fast changing into purple masses, and thick white mists were ascending from the valleys. Lady Maud sat wearily watching, believing the day would never end. Kingswood Hall was so solemnly quiet, there was not a sound to be heard within the building, as there appeared not to be a leaf stirring without. The shadows grew longer and deeper, the pale, golden, greenish blue of the sky was changing into a violet tint, when Lady Maud was startled by finding Harebell at her side.

"Oh, my lady!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath, "there has been such a terrible disturbance! What a terrible man Mr. Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, is!"

"What has happened?" she inquired.

"I forgot to tell your ladyship that I met him advancing along one of the corridors as I quitted the eastern wing to-day, to bring you a note from Mr. Erle. Turned out of his path, and he did not see me; but it seems he went direct to Benson, and directed him to admit him to Mr. Erle's room. Benson referred him to Lord Kingswood, and Mr. Avon went into a passion, and called Benson names. Benson don't like to be called names. So he was firm, and Mr. Avon went out into the Chase to search for Lord Kingswood. Not being able to find him, he makes for Benson again, and this time he told Benson that he would throttle him, and then take the key from him. But Benson put his gun to his shoulder, and pointing it at Mr. Avon, he very respectfully told him that he would blow his brains out if he attempted to touch him, and so Mr. Avon went away muttering revenge against him."

"Has Mr. Avon left Kingswood Hall?" inquired Lady Maud, nervously.

"Oh, yes, my lady; but Benson thinks he will be back again, and that therefore he had better wait on the watch for the remainder of the night."

"How very unfortunate!" she murmured. "I shall not be able to—to see—to comply with Mr. Erle's request."

"Oh, yes, my lady," rejoined Harebell, quickly; "for if he comes back again, he will be told that Lord Kingswood has got the key; he will then have to find Lord Kingswood to get it, and will also find, when he does see him, that he has not got it. When he returns to the chamber in the eastern wing, I suspect that it will not be of much consequence who has got it. If you please, my lady, wrap yourself in your large cloak and hood, and be ready to depart from here directly you hear the clock servants' supper-bell ring. I must go to Benson to obtain the key, and then I will conduct you thither."

At the time appointed she made her appearance, and on they went, slowly and silently, until at length they passed as a door.

Harebell produced a ponderous key, and inserting it noiselessly into the lock, she turned it without sound, suffered the door to gently open, and admitted Lady Maud into the room. She drew the door to again, turned the key once more in the lock to secure it, withdrew it, and gilded silently away.

Lady Maud, on finding herself within the small, old chamber, uttered a faint cry of alarm.

Before her stood a figure in all respects resembling a phantom.

The moon had risen, and its white, shining beams streaming through the window, fell upon the clear, open, handsome face of Erle, as he stood erect, motionless, peering towards the softly opening door.

Erle sprang forward and encircled the enshrouded figure in his arms. He

drew her to the moonbeams, and she let fall the hood from her head, so that the silver rays gleamed on her fair, sweet young face, and he saw that her clear, lustrous eyes were bent upon his tenderly and lovingly.

"Sweet Lady Maud! dearest and kindest, how shall I thank you for this most generous and tender consideration?" he said, in a rich, earnest voice.

"Nay," she said, faintly. "I am but too, too joyful at having the opportunity, through the happy management of my maid, to interchange a few words with you. Oh, Erle, how I grieve that you should have been so insulted, so wickedly outraged as you have been this morning!"

"By Philip Avon, yes!" he exclaimed with stern bitterness; "but never heed it, sweet Maud. I treat his contumely with scorn. Still I cannot conceal from myself the respective positions in which we stand," he said, firmly. "You are young, beautiful, of high rank and assured position, the heiress of a name and fortune. I stand for the moment nameless and penniless—a fugitive, wandering in secrecy, and persecuted when I appear. Thus, my suit to you at first sight appears to be not only preposterous in its nature, but, on my part, the act of a designing scoundrel."

"Erle!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with astonishment.

"And so, indeed, it would, dear Maud, if I were in very truth a nameless, penniless adventurer; but Heaven be thanked, I am only fortuitously so," he rejoined, quickly. "I have a name and rank, and ere long I will establish my title to it. In the interim, however—deeper as my love is for you, Lady Maud, blisful as your face and form are to my eyes—I hold it to be an imperative duty that I should separate myself from you entirely, refraining from all personal interviews or communications, until I, having a name not less noble than your own, being of equal rank and wealth, can come forward and say, Lady Maud St. Clair, I love you tenderly, deeply, enduringly. I offer to you my hand, my heart, my life."

"You are sanguine, dear Erle, of being reinstated in your rights; I am not. You have told me that you have no friends—"

"But you, dearest!" he exclaimed.

"Lord Kingswood is wealthy, powerful and inflexible," she continued. "Measured against his strength, your greatest efforts must fail, and you must be crushed."

"I neither fear him nor his power," he said; "I dare the struggle, and I shall come forth as victoriously."

"Oh, Erle!" she returned, passionately. "My heart is bursting—breaking beneath this roof! All here for whose opinion you need care, save myself, are arrayed in bitter hostility against you. In the eye of Heaven, by your vow and my own, I am your wife! Take me with you hence! I will cheerfully, gladly give up all I hold dear, station and wealth, to share your fate. Take me, Erle; I have the means of flight. I have a small fortune of my own which Lord Kingswood cannot touch, and I have a wealth of love for you surpassing all the treasures of the world."

A sharp, hurried tap at the door interrupted her, and a voice breathed hissing through the keyhole,

"For mercy's sake, Lady Maud, secrete yourself, Lord Kingswood is approaching the chamber."

Before Erle could think of a recess to answer this purpose, the door was struck a violent blow with some weapon, and the voice of Philip Avon, thickened with intoxication, cried,

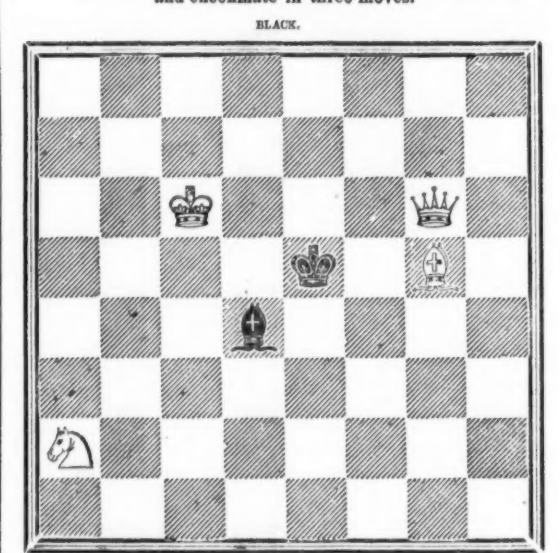
"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

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BLACK.

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WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to K 5	26 K to K 5	K to K 5
2 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	27 K to K 5	K to K 5
3 P to K 3	P to K 3	28 K to K 5	K to K 5
4 Kt to K 3	Kt to K 3	29 K to K 5	K to K 5
5 B to Q 3	B to Q 3	30 K to K 5	K to K 5
6 Castles	Castles	31 K to K 5	K to K 5
7 P to K 3	P to K 3	32 K to K 5	K to K 5
8 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	33 K to K 5	K to K 5
9 Kt to K 3	Kt to K 3	34 K to K 5	K to K 5
10 P to K 3	P to K 3	35 K to K 5	K to K 5
11 B to K 3	B to K 3	36 K to K 5	K to K 5
12 Q to Q 3	Q to Q 3	37 K to K 5	K to K 5
13 Kt to K 5	Kt to K 5	38 K to K 5	K to K 5
14 P to K 4	P to K 4	39 K to K 5	K to K 5
15 P to K 4	P to K 4	40 K to K 5	K to K 5
16 P to K 4	P to K 4	41 K to K 5	K to K 5
17 Q to K 4	Q to K 4	42 K to K 5	K to K 5
18 P to K 4	P to K 4	43 K to K 5	K to K 5
19 P to K 4	P to K 4	44 K to K 5	K to K 5
20 P to K 4	P to K 4	45 K to K 5	K to K 5
21 Kt to K 4	Kt to K 4	46 K to K 5	K to K 5
22 K to K 2	K to K 2	47 K to K 5	K to K 5

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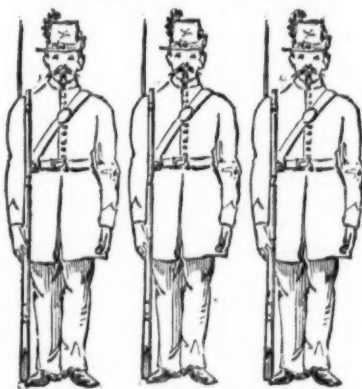
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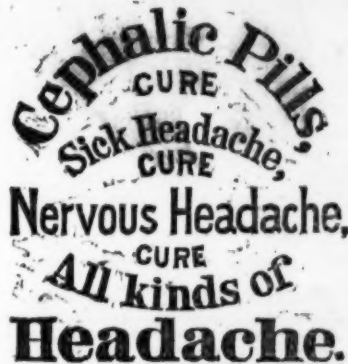
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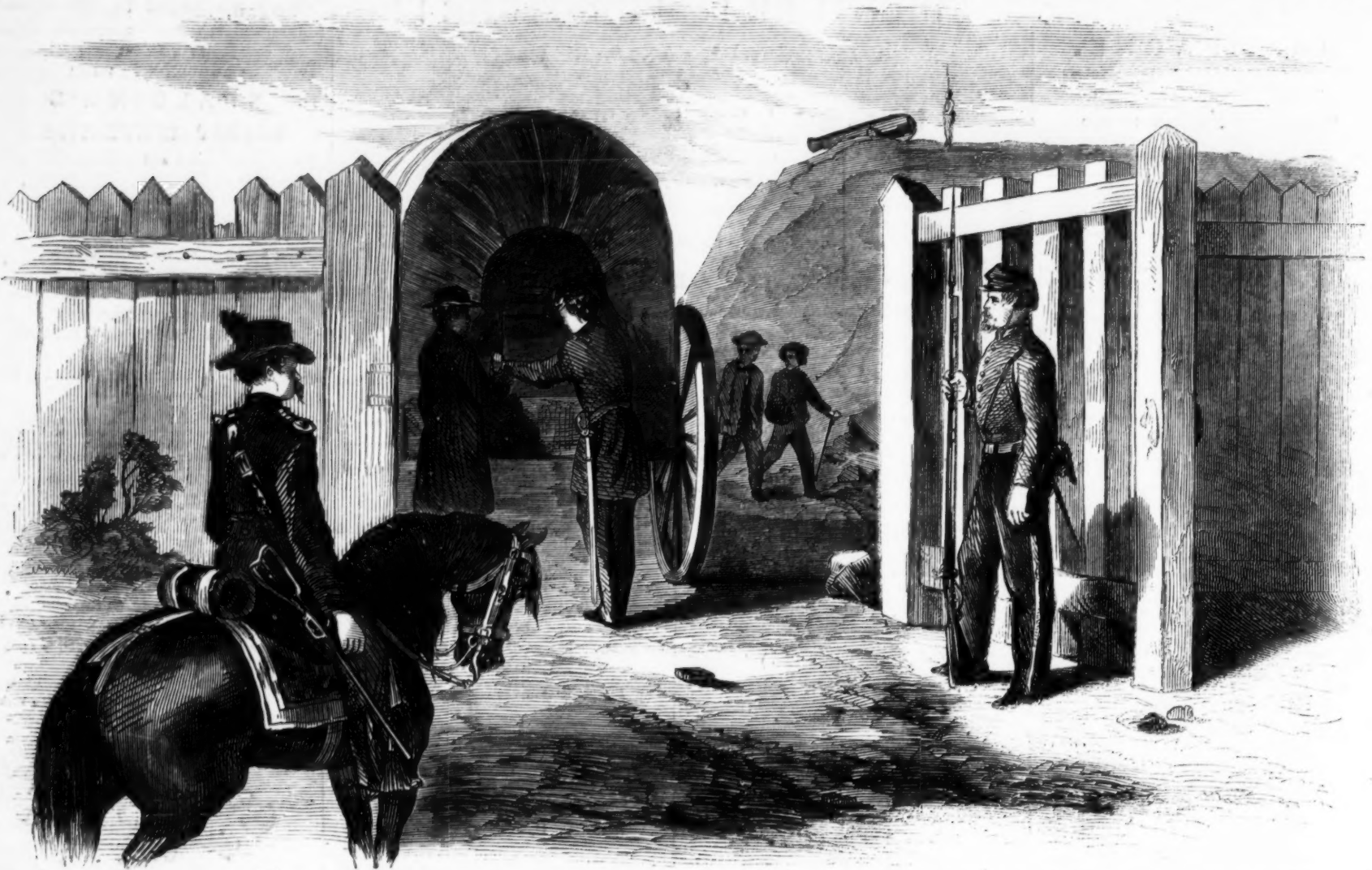
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